

196

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



VOL. XXIII

MAY, 1904—OCTOBER, 1904, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
1904

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MAR 25 1954

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TWO CANADIANS

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL WICKSON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

TORONTO, MAY, 1904

No. 1

THE ART OF PAUL WICKSON

By T. G. MARQUIS



It is a brave Canadian who will determine to devote his life to art and remain in the Dominion. Our poets have realized this, and, one by one, have drifted like Parker to London or like Roberts, Carman and Stringer to New York. Pictorial art receives even less encouragement. The Government has given aid, but the money has not been wisely spent. Buyers are few, and these for the most part have an inadequate appreciation of the value of paintings. Despite these facts several Canadians have seen fit, after industriously studying abroad, to return to Canada to try to live their art life in their native land. One of these enthusiastic young Canadians with real genius is Mr. Paul Wickson, of Paris, Ontario. As Mr. Wickson has lately been chosen, above all others of our artists, on account of his ability as a landscapist, a figure painter and a painter of all kinds of domestic animals, to paint a series of pictures representing every phase of Canadian farm life for the Canadian building at the St. Louis Exhibition, it will doubtless be of interest to the general public to know something of the man and his art.

Mr. Wickson is a native of Toronto, his father having been a graduate of the University of

Toronto, and a well-known educationalist. Like many men of real power he seems, however, to have inherited his artistic temperament from his mother. Fortunately for young Wickson his family removed to England when he was a child. He early began to use the pencil with skill and his parents, seeing the bent of his mind, sent him to South Kensington School of Art; and that his pictures all show power and accuracy in draw-



PAUL WICKSON
PHOTO BY COCKBURN, PARIS



THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION
Mr. Wickson's best known production

ing is due largely to the long years of study spent in this institution. While there he carried off prizes in different branches of study and the school medal for oil painting of still life. During his student days the Director for Art at different times gave him commissions. He was a diligent student in many directions, and painted portraits, landscape and marine, in oil, pastel and water-colour. While in England he exhibited pictures in the Royal Academy and other public galleries. Though his pictures were good, they were not strikingly original. He had no pronounced specialty and in his early work he was, as it were, striving to find out what he could do best.

In 1885, Mr. Wickson returned to his native land to marry Miss Hamilton, of Paris. He continued to paint, but in a half-hearted, undecided kind of way. He believed, however, that there was room in this country for a painter of Canadian subjects, and the feeling grew upon him that he could paint pictures, if not as great, as truly representative of Canadian scenery and life, as were the pictures of the

Highlands by Landseer, or those of the French peasant by Millet. There was a difficulty in the way. Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and any pictures distinctively Canadian in subject must include the painting of animals. He had now a fresh art impetus. Here was a new field for his endeavour. He had always lived a city life, and had never been a close student of natural history, or comparative anatomy, but he industriously applied himself and very soon had an intimate knowledge of the horse. For several years he devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of race horses and, in order to see the noblest of animals at his best, spent much time visiting stock farms and stables with the definite purpose of getting an insight into every detail of Canadian farm life. He had found his *métier*. A painter of Canadian subjects he would be, and the horse, which has carried the pioneers through the broad Dominion, that is breaking up the fertile West and so nobly serves the mounted plainsmen of the Territories, would play the chief role in his pic-



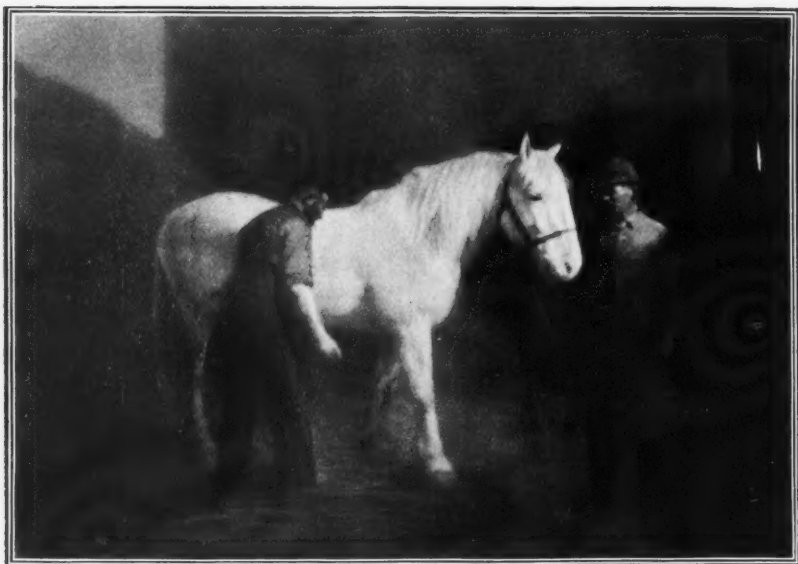
CANADIAN SHORTHORN CATTLE
A "Commission" Picture by Paul Wickson

tures. With this aim in life he returned to England and spent a winter in studying the great masters of the past and in meeting the more prominent of the present day artists. On his return to Canada he began in earnest the Canadian subject pictures which he has since continued to paint with success.

To the larger art world Mr. Wickson's fame rests mainly on his *The March of Civilization*. Sir William Van Horne, who is himself an artist of no mean ability, once said that he would like to see a Canadian paint a Canadian historical picture. These words inspired Mr. Wickson's brush, and he set to work on this splendid canvas. It was first exhibited by Mr. Wilson, the art dealer of Ottawa. It attracted the attention of the Canadian Commissioner, and was purchased by him as an attraction for the Canadian building at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. It may to some seem a strange whim on the part of the artist to call this a historical picture. But how truly it is one! The opening of the West, and the passing of the In-

dian, the most important of our historical events, are both depicted in this noble study vividly and fully. There is in it "no striving to make the subject tell by overloading it with accessories." There are no unnecessary details, and the repose of technical method, the subdued atmosphere, the quietness of the setting, the figures well drawn and easy in pose, all make it a great picture.

No Complaints is a companion picture to *The March of Civilization*. Like the former it is an oil painting. By the end of the year it will probably be better known than *The March of Civilization*, as it was painted for the Dominion Government, and will be in the Canadian building at the St. Louis Exhibition. The unlimited prairie, the contrast between the sturdy settler in his rough working garb and the brilliantly attired mounted policeman, between the patient plow horse and the well-groomed charger, make a very striking picture. In these studies Mr. Wickson tells a story and relates an incident, but he realizes that these things are essentially the work of the



THE VETERINARY—BY PAUL WICKSON

writer, and while doing so does not strive to make a literary impression, but devotes his energy to his horses, which are the objects that rivet the observer's attention. In both paintings there is a masculine directness of brush work, a technical vigour that are acquired only after years of careful study and practice.

His *Two Canadians* has not yet been exhibited. The writer saw it when it was in the last stages of completion, and, though not an art critic, could not but feel that he was in the presence of a really great work of art. Mr. Wickson himself considers it his best painting. It proves him a master of composition. It is an arrangement of masses contrasted,—the light horse and the golden-bay horse, the blue sky and the dark masses of trees, the light green grass and the warm grey of the road. Over it all there is a sunny atmosphere that gives it a remarkable charm. In this picture Mr. Wickson will be found to be a reserved and striking colourist, and, as in all his other paintings, a sure and masterly

draughtsman. The shadows are well managed. There is a subtlety of colour gradation, a variation in the flowing lines, a freedom from artificiality, a fine sympathy with nature that is probably without a rival in Canadian art. This is the largest canvas Mr. Wickson has painted, and should receive an enthusiastic welcome from those who profess a desire to foster Canadian art.

Of a different nature is the pastel *The Veterinary*. Its central figure is the commonest type of a Canadian farm horse. The scene is early morning, and the light of the lamp is over the figures. This study is a small but highly finished piece of work.

Canadian Short-Horn Cattle is another large oil painting. In this picture there is portrayed a group of the highest type of short-horn cattle. The animals are standing in a June meadow. The soft green grass in the foreground, the more delicate green of the willows in the background, and the dark red, roan and white of the animals make a fine colour scheme. This



"NO COMPLAINTS"

A Settler signing the Patrol Report of the Northwest Mounted Police

picture was a commission, and the artist had chiefly in mind to show the shape of the animals to the best possible advantage. They are splendidly drawn; as a colourist Mr. Wickson once more excels, and the dreamy June sunshine which pervades the scene adds much to the general effect. There is, however, something lacking in it. The animals look as if they were placed for a photograph and the group is wanting in animation and variety.

For his work Mr. Wickson finds his best inspiration in the country. This has ever been the case with landscapists and nature painters,—Corot, Frederick Walker, George Mason found their strength in the fields and the villages; Landseer's fame rests largely on such pictures as *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner* and *The Monarch of the Glen*, and his lengthy sojourns in the Highlands enabled him to produce them; Millet had to flee from Paris and return to his native soil and his peasants—of whom he was one—before he could produce *The Sower* or *The Angelus*, and Mr. Wickson has wisely decided to live in the midst of the life he

would portray. In his painting, too, there is no guess work. All is from life. The sturdy farmer in *The March of Civilization* is Mr. Crozier, a farmer living in the vicinity of Paris; the veterinary is Mr. Fasken of the same town; the mounted policeman in *No Complaints* is Sergeant Wilson of the Northwest Mounted Police; and his Indians are natives of Canada. While he is at work he has everything he depicts before him. Added to this, he is a keen observer and a close student of nature, and is conscious that the details of his pictures require as much attention as the main figures.

Mr. Wickson will in a very short time doubtless be recognized as one of the greatest of horse painters. John Charlton, Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, Caton Woodville have all treated the horse with vigour and insight, but it has almost invariably been the horse in action—in the excitement of the horse fair, in the maddening charge of the Scots Grays or in such pictures as *Saving the Guns*. Mr. Wickson has seen fit to study the horse in repose, the horse as he is

generally seen in Canada. He recognizes a poetry in common things, and does not select the unusual in nature for his brush.

As his pictures are studied, the observer will note that the artist is in the background. He never obtrudes himself. The subject is everything. This, according to no less an authority than Ruskin, is a mark of true genius. He pleases by no tricks that cause one to exclaim, "What a clever artist!" The imitation of surfaces and textures play a very secondary part in his work, al-

though his colour sense, especially in his latest pictures, is exceedingly delicate.

Mr. Wickson has an ideal abode for an artist in the beautiful town of Paris. The view from his home is one of the finest in Canada. Here he spends his time studying country life, cultivating his flowers and industriously painting his pictures. He has always a welcome for visitors, and literary men and artists in particular find him a most genial host.

THE ALIEN'S RETURN

BY JOHN STUART THOMSON

SO quietly the alien night
Stirs in the cinnamon and musk,
And at the borders of the dusk
The Orient day fails, light by light.

It is the heathens' altar fire,
Their unknown god, my unloved home;
But ever as I farther roam
I worship thee in their desire.

And to the calling of the sea
I give thy name, that it may speak
Along all shores, the love I seek,
And somewhere bring my faith to thee.

It could not be I should forget;
My love is only part of thine;
And each long night there seems to shine
A new star, o'er thy vigil set.

All ways are thus love's Bethlehem;
And I shall find thee, for thy truth,
All beauteous in unfading youth,
As passing days pale not the gem.

And in thy trial, thou shalt add
New glories to thy wide sweet eyes:
A holiness born of the skies
And given for prayer to Galahad.

From winter stress to springtide heat;
From pain to promise; frost to flower;
All sorrows fruited in that hour:
Thus shall I know thee when we meet.

Ceylon, February, 1904.



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S MONUMENT

A VIEW IN SALT LAKE CITY

MY MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING THE MORMONS

By JAMES L. HUGHES

A WEEK in Salt Lake City revealed many things to me. I learned much that I did not know before, but my learning consisted chiefly in finding that so many things which I thought were true were not.

I had a hazy opinion that the Mormons were an ignorant, unprogressive, rather fanatical people until 1900, when Mrs. Susa Young Gates, one of Brigham Young's daughters, startled and charmed the people of Toronto by her eloquence, her advanced ideas regarding education and sociology, her comprehensive enlightenment, and her strong yet gentle womanliness. Those who heard her at the meeting of the National Household Economic Association, promptly asked each other

at the close of her first address—"How can that combination of simplicity of manner, practical common-sense, broad general culture, originality and power, be a product of Mormonism?"

I was still further astonished when I had the privilege of meeting the individual members of the Utah delegation at the National Suffrage Convention in Washington in 1902. In personal appearance and in intelligence that delegation of about a dozen women stood in the front rank, and would not need to take a second place in any gathering of women in any part of the world. They seemed to have an added dignity from the consciousness that they represented a state whose men were so liberal and so progressive as



BRIGHAM YOUNG

to grant to womanhood the right of complete suffrage.

The interest aroused by meeting these types of Mormon women led me to accept very promptly an invitation to deliver a course of five lectures before the Teachers' Association of Utah in Salt Lake City in 1902. I was so fortunate as to reach Salt Lake City an hour before the close of the Annual Conference of the Mormon Church, and I soon made my way to Tabernacle Square.

Brigham Young laid out Salt Lake City in squares of ten acres, and on Tabernacle Square he erected three great buildings—the Temple, a magnificent granite building; the Tabernacle, which is a vast arched roof supported by massive stone piers along the sides with immense doors between the piers, and the Assembly Hall. The Temple is devoted exclusively to two kinds of religious exercises—marriage and the ceremonies for the dead. No Gentile is permitted to enter the Temple at any time, and no Mormon may enter for any purpose but the two named, and then only by special permission of the President. The Tabernacle is the place of meeting for religious exercises, sacred concerts, conference

meetings, and other church gatherings. The Assembly Hall is used for lectures and business meetings. The Tabernacle seats about ten thousand, and the Assembly Hall four thousand.

On arriving at the great square I found a crowd of several thousand men and women busily engaged in friendly intercourse preparatory to separating after a meeting in which they had been engaged for several days. I hurried through the throng to the Tabernacle, anxious to be present at the closing exercises of the conference. I entered by one of the great side doors, and found a vast audience of ten thousand listening intently to the last words of President Smith. He stood in the centre of a great gallery which surrounds the fine organ of the Tabernacle, and on which were seated in tiers rising almost to the roof the large choir, which took first place among American choirs at the musical competition at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893, and several hundred of the leading officers of the church throughout the world. Immediately under him sat the three Counsellors, who take rank next to him and are his advisors. Under the Counsellors sat the twelve Apostles of the church, and radiating upwards and outwards from this central group sat the Bishops, the Heads of Seventies, the Elders, and other leading officials.

I looked; I could not listen. I studied the vast concourse for a few minutes as a whole, and then began a careful character study of the faces within my range. I looked first at the men, expecting, I confess, to find evidences of selfishness if not of coarseness. I saw nothing of what I had been led to expect. Those faces revealed intelligence, enthusiasm, practical sense and intense earnestness. I next searched for the unhappy faces of dissatisfied, repressed women. Again I searched in vain. I saw contented, high-minded women, calm and dignified, conscious of a freedom still refused to most women, but winsome and womanly. The Mormon type as I saw it in the Tabernacle and around

it may be described as a composite type which might be formed by a union of the strong distinctive elements of Methodists and Quakers.

The President spoke briefly, and after the closing hymn he prayed fervently and gave the closing benediction. Then through the thirty-four doors between the supporting piers the great audience swept out in a few moments. The officials of the church in the end gallery remained for more extended farewells. I scanned the faces of the women on the gallery searching for my one friend in Utah, Mrs. Gates. Not seeing her, I walked across the Tabernacle to an old lady, the only one who had remained seated after the audience dispersed. I told her I was looking for Mrs. Susa Young Gates, and asked if she knew her.

"I think so," she replied merrily, "I am her mother." So I had the satisfaction of meeting one of the widows of the great leader himself, and of being introduced by her to Apostle Reed Smoot, now United States senator from Utah.

Then began a series of revelations which removed some of my misconceptions. Apostle Smoot kindly took me to the President's office and answered my many questions for an hour till the President of the Teachers' Association came for me. Apostle Smoot was himself a revelation. I had thought that Apostles must necessarily be ministers. I found him to be a millionaire, a business gentleman of ability and high standing. I learned from him that the Bishops are generally business men, and that the leading church offi-

cers are chosen from the wisest and most successful men of their districts. He told me that the Mormon Church at that time had over eighteen hundred young men and women doing missionary work in different parts of the world; but I found that mission work does not necessarily mean trying to make converts for the church. In most cases it means performing some work of a business character for the church. One noteworthy feature of the mission work is that the young men who go to Europe or to the Sandwich Islands, or to Canada, or to any other country to work for the church, pay their own expenses. It is a mission of self-sacrifice for the common weal, and such an experience must tend to the development of a strong, true type of character.

I asked Apostle Smoot about the education of the girls, and found that the Mormons are more keenly alive to the importance of highly cultured, well developed, properly trained motherhood, than any other people I have met. This need is not a matter of opinion merely—it is a vital element in their system. I found in the schools,

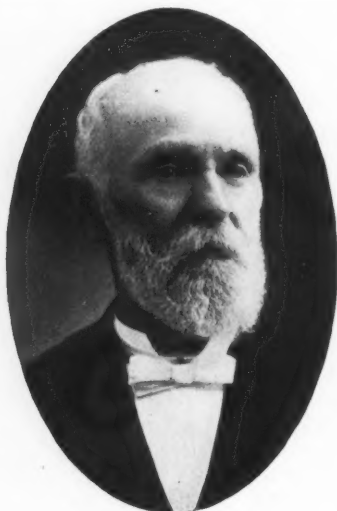


SALT LAKE CITY—THE CITY HALL



JOSEPH F. SMITH
President of the Mormon People

Many of the young men and women who show special talent for music are sent abroad for a thorough musical education. Brigham Young was a man of



ARTHUR H. LUND
Counsellor

the academies, and the university that the girls and young women are receiving just as thorough an education as the young men. Apostle Smoot's sister is at the head of the Kindergarten Training College for Utah. She was trained in Boston. President Smith, the present head of the Mormon people, told me that he had sent his daughters to New York, one to study Kindergarten principles, and the other to study Domestic Science. The second State Superintendent of Schools in Utah was a woman—Mrs. McVicker. The daughter of Susa Young Gates, after courses under leading musicians in America and three years' training in Berlin, is, at the age of twenty-two, the most promising singer of American birth. Major Pond tried to atone for some of the wrong he did her grandfather by arranging her concerts in the great music halls of Boston, New York and the other great cities of the east.

The interest taken in musical education was one of my surprises. Comprehensive insight and masterful executive ability. In the midst of his ceaseless work in transforming a desert into a most fruitful country, in designing and erecting the most remarkable places of worship in America, in laying out a beautiful city, and in planning one of the most perfectly organized religious and social systems in the world, he still found time to study educational systems, and he gave his people a system that aims to cultivate the whole nature of the child, physically, intellectually, practically, esthetically, and spiritually.

One of the established customs in Salt Lake City is to give an organ recital once a week during the noon hour on the great organ in the Tabernacle. Thousands attend these recitals to hear the talented young organist, Mr. McLellan, perform the best music of the great composers.

I found, too, that the Mormon people have very advanced educational institutions. The State schools and the Mormon schools provide an excellent education for the people. I have not seen anywhere in the United States



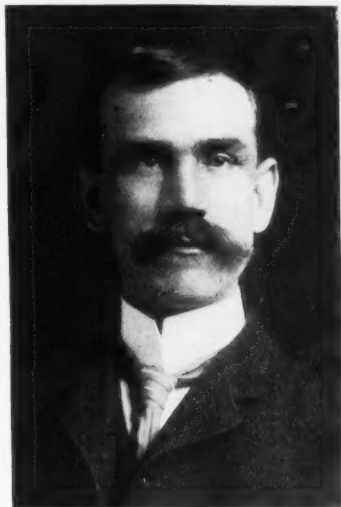
JOHN R. WINDER
Counsellor

a more advanced Normal School than the State Normal School in Salt Lake City.

I had believed that the Mormon leaders tried to keep their people shut in from the world in order that they might more easily be kept in the faith. I found it to be a cardinal principle of the church to send the leading young men and women abroad for study and work in order that they may bring back to Utah the most advanced ideals of the highest civilization in all lands. They usually have about two thousand young people in other lands, and in nearly all cases they have been guided by the church into the courses of study or work they are pursuing. Most of these young people have been educated at the church academies or the university.

I was surprised when Apostle Smoot pointed across the street to a building which he told me was the Historical Building of the church, in which are kept the records of all the individual members of the Mormon faith in the world. I was still more surprised to find that these records include the children as soon as they begin to per-

form some of the simpler practical duties of the church. The boys are organized as deacons for certain duties under the direction of an elder. The organization of the church is absolutely complete, and each division and sub-division is a perfect organization within itself. In each of the smallest districts into which Mormon territories are divided there is a house in which the offerings of the people for charitable purposes are kept, and from which they are distributed by the Elder in charge of that department of work. The boys of the district under his direction collect and distribute the charitable offerings. In case a widow has no son and is poor, the boys of the district who are organized for church work cut her wood and do other necessary work for her. They are thus trained in the only sure way to understand and practise the fundamental principles of community life and of loving service for the needy. As these young people develop special powers or talents, the record is made of their development in the historical building in Salt Lake City, so that the church authorities always know where they



REED SMOOT
Apostle and United States Senator

can find well-trained young men and women for special service. Mr. Roberts, who was elected to Congress and refused admission because he has more than one wife, is the Assistant Historian of the church.

My greatest lack of real knowledge I found to be in regard to polygamy. I shared the common belief that any Mormon man who chose to do so might marry more than one wife. Apostle Smoot removed this misconception at once by informing me that at no time were more than four per cent. of the Mormon men permitted to marry more than one wife. Those who secured such permission had to enter a special church order, and admission to this order was granted only to those men who had the highest standing morally, intellectually and physically. In addition to these qualifications, they had to prove their financial ability to justify the assumption of the increased responsibilities of polygamy.

Mrs. Young, Mrs. Gates' mother, told me that many times Mr. Young, when refusing applications for admission to the polygamous order would say "No," firmly, but kindly, and add: "I am sorry you are allowed to have one wife," when the applicant was a man lacking in important essentials of high character. Since 1891 new polygamous marriages have been prohibited, but the leaders, both men and women, believe in polygamy still under clearly defined conditions. The men, like Mr. Roberts, have chivalrously refused to desert their wives even for situations of honour in Congress, or for other public positions, and the women have been equally faithful to their former relationships. When the United States Government ordered that every Mormon should give up all his wives but the one to whom he was first married, it was naturally supposed that a great many women would be left without support, and the Government generously erected a large institution to provide a home for them; but no Mormon women took advantage of the provisions thus made for them. The Mormon women whom I met be-

lieve polygamy to be right quite as firmly as the men.

It may help to remove erroneous views regarding the Mormon attitude towards polygamy to state that the book of Mormon explicitly condemns polygamy, but gives the church the right to authorize it in case the Lord reveals the need of raising a people of special power.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating polygamy, but it is a fact that the leaders, the Governor, Senator Smoot, the State Superintendent of Education, the President of the University, the Principal of the Normal School, and most of the leading men in Salt Lake City, were brought up in polygamous families, and those with whom I conversed on the subject spoke kindly and affectionately of their father's wives, other than their own mothers.

One of the most prominent Mormons of Salt Lake City visited Toronto a few months ago, and I asked a few friends to meet him at lunch, and introduced him to a number of people, ladies and gentlemen, during his visit. After he left I asked them as I met them how they liked my Mormon friend. They all said: "Oh! He is a fine man, but he is not a polygamist." The fact is that he had three wives before he went to Harvard to study for his degree. This illustration shows that polygamy did not leave marks on him that were recognizable by my friends.

I did not expect to find the Mormon people great students of the Bible, but I found it to be one of the chief textbooks in the academies and universities. I know no other people who study the Bible so persistently. The Life of Christ is the history studied most carefully in the university.

A friend in Salt Lake City requested me to take a message on my way home to her seventeen-year-old daughter, who was attending the Conservatory of Music in Detroit. She was living in Detroit with a lady whose uncle was one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in Canada in his time, and who was educated herself in

a leading Methodist college in Canada. She told me that she asked the mother of the little Mormon girl how she wished her to spend her Sundays. "Oh!" replied the mother, "take her to church with you, and I shall be specially obliged if you can spend some time in studying the Bible with her." The lady assured me that the girl knew the Bible more thoroughly than she herself, or anyone else whom she had ever known.

I had not thought of the Mormons as a people who appreciated amusements. I found that Brigham Young built a fine theatre for his people, which is still owned and managed by the church. It was for many years the custom to have amateur companies, and prominent young men went annually to New York to see the best plays in the theatres in order to select the most suitable for Salt Lake City audiences. The present Governor of Utah was one of the leading amateur actors of the city. Concerts, lectures, and other forms of rational entertainment are attended by large audiences in Salt Lake City. In my own experience I have never had such large or enthusiastic audiences anywhere. For five nights the Assembly Hall was crowded, and more than three thousand came out at half-past nine to a lecture delivered by special request the morning I left the city.

I had supposed that Utah was the easiest place in the world in which to get married. The fact is that it is the most difficult place in which to take a life partner, if one is a Mormon. No Mormon can be married except in a Temple, so that it may be necessary to travel very long distances to have the ceremony performed.

The sacraments and ceremonies for the dead were a revelation to me. These may be continued for years after a man's death by his widow and his friends. When a man dies his brother or some intimate friend represents him and performs certain rites on his behalf. These ceremonies are performed in the Temples only.

A very intelligent and cultured gen-

tleman told me that the writings of Froebel, which I was trying to expound, had affected him when he read them as no other books ever had; and he said that about twelve years ago Froebel appeared to him in a vision, and asked him to have the sacraments for the dead performed for him. He went to the Temple and personated Froebel and received the sacraments of the church in Froebel's name.

My geographical knowledge was defective. I expected to find Salt Lake City on the shore of Salt Lake. Again I was wrong. The lake is fifteen miles from the city. A railroad owned by the Mormon authorities runs from the city to the lake during the long summer season, and a magnificent amusement pavilion, and splendid bathing accommodation, afford ample opportunity for enjoyment at the beautiful lake. As the season was over when I was there, the President very kindly provided a special train so that I might enjoy a swim in the buoyant water; at any rate, I expected to swim. Again I was surprised. I could not sink low enough in the water to be able to swim properly. Lying on my back, I tried in vain to get my feet in the water. One of the most amusing sights to be seen anywhere in the world is a common experience at Salt Lake. A man who wishes to enjoy himself perfectly lights his cigar, sits down on the water, attaches a sail to his feet, and holding the rope in his hand, and reclining in an easy position on the cushioned bosom of the lake, sails where he chooses.

The view of the beautiful mountains surrounding Salt Lake is one of the finest I have ever seen. When I saw them the lower third of the mountains was green, the middle third looked like a vast garden filled with brilliantly coloured flowers, while a crown of crystal whiteness covered their heads. Time never passed more pleasantly for me than when I reclined in an easy posture with nearly half my body out of the water, on Salt Lake, and looked at the grandeur of the surrounding mountains as they were toned



SALT AIR BEACH, NEAR SALT LAKE CITY

This resort is thirty minutes' ride from Salt Lake City. This Pavilion is built upon pilings, is 1,115 feet by 365 feet, and contains 620 bath-rooms, besides a huge dancing pavilion. A swimmer may float on the buoyant water, or move about with a sail attached to his feet.

to richest beauty by the evening sun.

Salt Lake City itself was a surprise to me. Its broad streets, its fine business houses, its splendid homes, its excellent public buildings, its magnificent mountain background, and the crystal streams running on both sides of the streets, are distinctive features of this unique and beautiful city.

I had no adequate conception of the wealth of Utah. Agriculturally the great valley has been made a vast and rich garden, by turning the mountain streams into a great system of irrigation.

Salt Lake itself is a source of incalculable wealth. The Mormon Church has immense salt works at the lake which yield a large revenue.

Utah is one of the richest parts of the United States in mineral wealth. In 1902 it mined more iron than any other State.

Taken as a whole, there is probably no other city where an unprejudiced man may find better opportunities for studying economic, social, and educational questions than in Salt Lake City.

THE IDEAL

BY INGLIS MORSE

BEHIND each great desire
There lies the dream that dares to be,
Idealizing all
Of Life's unchanging mystery.

THE WRECK*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



It was yesterday, the 31st of December. I had just finished breakfast with my old friend Georges Garin when the servant brought him a letter covered with seals and foreign stamps. Georges said:

"Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly."

And so he began to read eight pages in a large English handwriting, crossed in every direction. He read them slowly, with serious attention and the interest which we only pay to things which touch our hearts.

Then he put the letter on a corner of the mantelpiece, and he said:

"That was a curious story! I've never told you about it, I think. And yet it was a sentimental adventure, and it happened to me. Aha! that was a strange New Year's Day indeed! It must be twenty years ago, since I was then thirty, and am now fifty years old.

"I was then an inspector in the Maritime Insurance Company, of which I am now director. I had arranged to pass the fête of New Year's in Paris—since it is a convention to make that day a fête—when I received a letter from the manager, directing me to proceed at once to the Island of Ré, where a three-masted vessel from Saint-Nazaire, insured by us, had just gone ashore. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. I arrived at the office at ten to get my instructions, and the same evening I took the express, which put me down in La Rochelle the next day, December 31st.

"I had two hours to spare before going aboard the boat for Ré. So I made a tour in the town. It is certainly a fantastic city, La Rochelle, with a strong character of its own—streets tangled like a labyrinth, sidewalks running beside endless arcaded galleries like those of the Rue de Rivoli, but low,

mysterious, built as if to form a fit scene for conspirators, and making an ancient and striking background for those old-time wars, the savage, heroic wars of religion. It is, indeed, the typical old Huguenot city, grave, discreet, with no fine art to show, with no wonderful monuments, such as make Rouen so grand, but it is remarkable for its severe, somewhat cunning look; it is a city of obstinate fighters, a city where fanaticisms might well blossom, where the faith of the Calvinists became exalted, and where the plot of 'Four Sergeants' was born.

"After I had wandered for some time about these curious streets, I went aboard the black, fat-bellied little steamboat which was to take me to the Island of Ré. It was called the *Jean Guilon*. It started with angry puffings, passed between the two old towers which guard the harbour, crossed the roadstead and issued from the mole built by Richelieu, the great stones of which are visible at the water's edge, enclosing the town like an immense necklace. Then the steamboat turned off to the right.

"It was one of those sad days which oppress and crush the thoughts, tighten the heart and extinguish in us all energy and force—a gray, icy day, salted by a heavy mist which was as wet as rain, as cold as frost, as bad to breathe as the lye of a washtub.

"Under this low ceiling of sinister fog, this shallow, yellow, sandy sea of all gradually receding coasts lay without a wrinkle, without a movement, without life, a sea of turbid water, of greasy water, of stagnant water. The *Jean Guilon* passed over it, rolling a little from habit, dividing the smooth, opaque sheet, and leaving behind a few waves, a little chopping sea, a few undulations, which were soon calm.

"I began to talk to the captain, a

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little man almost without feet, as round as his boat and balancing himself like it. I wanted some details about the disaster on which I was to deliver a report. A great square-rigged three-master, the *Marie Joseph*, of Saint-Nazaire, had gone ashore one night in a hurricane on the sands of the Island of Ré.

"The owner wrote us that the storm had thrown the ship so far ashore that it was impossible to float her, and they had had to remove everything which could be detached with the utmost possible haste. Nevertheless, I was to examine the situation of the wreck, estimate what must have been her condition before the disaster, and decide whether all efforts had been used to get her afloat. I came as an agent of the company in order to hear contradictory testimony, if necessary, at the trial.

"On receipt of my report the manager would take what measures he judged necessary to protect our interests.

"The captain of the *Jean Guiton* knew all about the affair, having been summoned with his boat to assist in the attempts at salvage.

"He told me the story of the disaster, and very simply too. The *Marie Joseph*, driven by a furious gale, lost her bearings completely in the night, and steering by chance over a heavy foaming sea—a milk-soup sea,' said the captain—had gone ashore on those immense banks of sand which make the coasts of this region seem like limitless Saharas at hours when the tide is low.

"While talking I looked around and ahead. Between the ocean and the lowering sky lay a free space where the eye could see far. We were following a coast. I asked: 'Is that the island of Ré?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"And suddenly the captain stretched his right hand out before us, pointed to something almost invisible in the middle of the sea and said: 'There's your ship.'

"'The *Marie Joseph*?'

"'Yes.'

"I was stupefied. This black, almost imperceptible speck, which I should have taken for a rock, seemed, at least, three miles from land.

"I continued: 'But, captain, there must be a hundred fathoms of water in that place?'

"He began to laugh.

"'A hundred fathoms, my boy! Well, I should say about two!'

"He was from Bordeaux. He continued: 'It's now 9.40, just high tide. Go down along the beach with your hands in your pockets after you've had lunch at the Hotel du Dauphin, and I'll engage that at ten minutes to three, or three o'clock, you'll reach the wreck without wetting your feet, and have from an hour and three-quarters to two hours aboard of her; but not more, or you'll be caught. The farther the sea goes out the faster it comes back. This coast is as flat as a bed bug! But start away at ten minutes to five, as I tell you, and at half-past seven you will be aboard of the *Jean Guiton* again, which will put you down this same evening on the quay at La Rochelle.'

"I thanked the captain, and I went and sat down in the bow of the steamer to get a good look at the little city of Saint-Martin, which we were now rapidly approaching.

"It was just like all the miniature seaports which serve as the capitals of the barren islands scattered along the coast—a large fishing village, one foot on sea and one on shore, living on fish and wild-fowl, vegetables and shell-fish, radishes and mussels. The island is very low, and little cultivated, yet seems to be filled with people. However, I did not penetrate into the interior.

"After having breakfasted, I climbed across a little promontory, and, then, as the tide was rapidly falling, I started out across the sands towards a kind of black rock which I could just perceive above the surface of the water, far out, far down.

"I walked quickly over the yellow plain; it was elastic, like flesh, and

seemed to sweat beneath my foot. The sea had been there very lately; now I perceive it at a distance, escaping out of sight, and I no longer distinguished the line which separated the sands from ocean. I felt as though I were assisting at a gigantic supernatural work of enchantment. The Atlantic had just now been before me, then it had disappeared into the strand, just as does scenery through a trap; and now I walked in the midst of a desert. Only the feeling, the breath of the salt-water, remained in me. I perceived the smell of the wrack, the smell of the wide sea, the rough, good smell of sea-coasts. I walked fast; I was no longer cold; I looked at the stranded wreck, which grew in size as I approached, and came now to resemble an enormous shipwrecked whale.

"It seemed fairly to rise out of the ground, and on that great, flat, yellow stretch of sand assumed surprising proportions. After an hour's walk I reached it at last. Bulging out and crushed, it lay upon its side, which, like the flanks of an animal, displayed its broken bones, its bones of tarry wood pierced with enormous bolts. The sand had already invaded it, entered it by all the crannies, and held it, possessed it, refused to let it go. It seemed to have taken root in it. The bow had entered deep into this soft, treacherous beach; while the stern, high in air, seemed to cast at heaven, like a cry of despairing appeal, the two white words on the black planking, *Marie-Joseph*.

"I scaled this carcass of a ship by the lowest side; then, having reached the deck, I went below. The daylight which entered by the stove-in hatches and the cracks in the sides, showed sadly enough a species of long, sombre cellar full of demolished wood-work. There was nothing here but the sand, which served as a foot-soil in this cavern of planks.

"I began to take some notes about the condition of the ship. I was seated on a broken empty cask, writing by the light of a great crack, through which I could perceive the boundless

stretch of the strand. A strange shivering of cold and loneliness ran over my skin from time to time; and I would often stop writing for a moment to listen to the vague, mysterious noises in the wreck; the noise of the crabs scratching the planking with their hooked claws; the noise of a thousand little creatures of the sea already installed on this dead body; the noise, so gentle and regular, of the worms, who with their gimlet-like, grinding sound, gnaw ceaselessly at the old timber, which they hollow out and devour.

"And suddenly, very near me, I heard human voices; I started as though I had seen a ghost. For a second I really thought I was about to see two drowned men rise from the sinister depths of the hold, who would tell me about their death. At any rate, it did not take me long to swing myself on deck with all the strength I had in my wrists. There, below the bow, I found standing a tall gentleman with three young girls, or rather, a tall Englishman with three young misses. Certainly, they were a good deal more frightened at seeing this sudden apparition on the abandoned three-master than I had been at seeing them. The youngest girl turned round and ran; the two others caught their father by the arms; as for him, he opened his mouth—that was sole sign of his emotion which he showed.

"Then after several seconds, he spoke: 'Aw, môsieu, are you the owner of this ship?'

" 'I am.'

" 'May I go over it?'

" 'You may.'

"Then he uttered a long sentence in English, in which I only distinguished the word 'gracious,' repeated several times.

"As he was looking for a place to climb up, I showed him the best, and lent him a hand. He ascended. Then we helped up the three little girls, who were now quite reassured. They were charming, especially the oldest, a blonde of eighteen, fresh as a flower, and so dainty, so pretty! Ah, yes,

the pretty Englishwomen have indeed the look of tender fruits of the sea! One would have said of this one that she had just risen from the sands and that her hair had kept their tint. They all, with their exquisite freshness, make you think of the delicate colours of pink sea-shells, and of shining pearls, rare and mysterious, hidden in the unknown deeps of ocean.

"She spoke French a little better than her father, and she acted as interpreter. I must tell all about the shipwreck to the very least details, and I romanced as though I had been present at the catastrophe. Then the whole family descended into the interior of the wreck. As soon as they had penetrated into this sombre, dim-lit gallery, they uttered cries of astonishment and admiration. And suddenly the father and his three daughters were holding sketch-books in their hands, which they had doubtless carried hidden somewhere in their heavy weather-proof clothes, and were all beginning at once to make pencil sketches of this melancholy and fantastic place.

"They had seated themselves side by side on a projecting beam, and the four sketch-books on the eight knees were being rapidly covered with little black lines, which were intended to represent the half-opened stomach of the *Marie Joseph*.

"I continued to inspect the skeleton of the ship, and the oldest girl talked to me while she worked.

"I learned that they were spending the winter at Biarritz, and that they had come to the island of Ré expressly to see the stranded three-master. They had none of the usual English arrogance; they were simple, honest hearts of that class of constant wanderers with which England covers the globe. The father was long and thin, with a red face framed in white whiskers, and looking like a living sandwich, a slice of ham cut in the shape of a head, placed between two wedges of hair. The daughters, like little wading birds in embryo, had long legs and were also thin—except the oldest.

All three were pretty, especially the tallest.

"She had such a droll way of speaking, of talking, of laughing, of understanding and of not understanding, of raising her eyes to ask a question (eyes blue as deep water), of stopping her drawing a moment to make a guess at what you meant, of returning once more to work, of saying 'yes' or 'no'—that I could have listened and looked indefinitely.

"Suddenly she murmured:

"'I hear a little movement on this boat!'

"I lent an ear; and I immediately distinguished a low, steady, curious sound. What was it? I rose and looked out of the crack, and I uttered a violent cry. The sea had come back; it was about to surround us!

"We were on deck in an instant. It was too late. The water circles us about and was running towards the coast with prodigious swiftness. No, it did not run, it slipped, it crawled, it grew longer, like a kind of great limitless blot. The water on the sands was barely a few centimetres deep; but the rising flood had gone so far that we no longer saw the flying line of its edge.

"The Englishman wanted to jump. I held him back. Flight was impossible because of the deep places which we had been obliged to go round on our way out, and into which we should certainly fall on our return.

"There was a minute of horrible anguish in our hearts. Then the little English girl began to smile, and murmured:

"'So we, too, are shipwrecked.'

"I tried to laugh; but fear caught me tight, a fear which was cowardly and horrid and base and mean, like the tide. All the dangers which we ran appeared to me at once. I wanted to shriek 'Help!' but to whom?

"The two younger girls were cowering against their father, who regarded, with a look of consternation, the measureless sea which hedged us round about.

"And the night fell as swiftly as the

ocean rose—a lowering, wet, icy night.

"I said: 'There's nothing to do but to stay on the ship.'

"The Englishman answered: 'Oh yes!'

"And we waited there a quarter of an hour, half an hour; indeed, I don't know how long, watching that yellow water which grew deep about us, whirled round and round, and seemed to bubble, and seemed to sport over the reconquest of the vast sea-strand.

"One of the little girls was cold, and we suddenly thought of going below to shelter ourselves from the light but freezing wind which blew upon us and pricked our skins.

"I leaned over the hatchway. The ship was full of water. So we must cower against the stern planking, which shielded us a little.

"The shades were now enveloping us, and we remained pressed close to one another, surrounded by the darkness and by the sea. I felt trembling against my shoulder the shoulder of the little English girl, whose teeth chattered from time to time. But I also felt the gentle warmth of her body through her ulster from time to time, and that warmth was as delicious to me as a kiss. We no longer spoke; we sat motionless, mute, cowering down like animals in a ditch when the hurricane is raging. And, nevertheless, despite the night, the terrible and increasing danger, I began to feel happy that I was there, to be glad of the cold and the peril, to rejoice in the long hours of darkness and anguish which I must pass on this plank so near this dainty and pretty little girl.

"I asked myself: 'Why this strange sensation of well-being and of joy?'

"Why? Does one know? Because she was there? Who? She, a little unknown English girl? I did not even know her. And for all that I was touched and conquered. I should have liked to save her, to sacrifice myself for her, to commit a thousand follies! Strange thing! How does it happen that the presence of a woman overwhelms us so? Is it the power of her grace which enfolds us? Is it the

seduction in her beauty and youth which intoxicates us like wine?

"Is it not rather, as it were, the touch of Love, of Love the Mysterious, who seeks constantly to unite two beings, who tries his strength the instant he has put a man and a woman face to face, and who suffuses them with a confused secret, profound emotion, just as you water the earth to make the flowers spring?

"But the silence of the shades and of the sky became dreadful, because we could thus hear vaguely about us an infinite low roar, the dull rumour of the rising sea, and the monotonous dashing of the current against the ship.

"Suddenly I heard the sound of sobs. The youngest of the little girls was crying. Then her father tried to console her, and they began to talk in their own tongue, which I did not understand. I guessed that he was reassuring her, and that she was still afraid.

"I asked my neighbour: 'You are not too cold, are you, miss?'

"Oh yes! I am very cold."

"I wanted to give her my cloak; she refused it. But I had taken it off and I covered her with it against her will. In the short struggle her hand touched mine. It made a charming shiver run over my body.

"For some minutes the air had been growing brisker, the dashing of the water stronger against the flanks of the ship. I raised myself; a great gust blew in my face. The wind was rising!

"The Englishman perceived this at the same time that I did, and said simply: 'That is bad for us, this—'

"Of course it was bad, it was certain death if any breakers, however feeble, should attack and shake the wreck, which was already so loose and broken that the first big sea would carry it off in a jelly.

"So our anguish increased from second to second as the squalls grew stronger and stronger. Now the sea broke a little, and I saw in the darkness white lines appearing and disappearing, which were lines of foam;

while each wave struck the *Marie Joseph*, and shook her with a short quiver which rose to our hearts.

"The English girl was trembling; I felt her shiver against me. And I had a wild desire to take her in my arms.

"Down there before and behind us, to left and right, light-houses were shining along the shore—light-houses white and yellow and red, revolving like the enormous eyes of giants who were staring at us, watching us, waiting eagerly for us to disappear. One of them in special irritated me. It went out every thirty seconds and it lit up again as soon. It was indeed an eye, that one, with its lid carelessly lowered over its fiery look.

"From time to time the Englishman struck a match to see the hour; then he put his watch back in his pocket. Suddenly he said to me, over the heads of his daughters, with a gravity which was supreme, 'I wish you a Happy New Year, M^{onsieur}.'

"It was midnight. I held out my hand which he pressed. Then he said something in English, and suddenly he and his daughter began to sing 'God Save the Queen,' which rose through the black and silent air and vanished into space.

"At first I felt a desire to laugh; then I was seized by a strong, fantastic emotion.

"It was something sinister and superb, this chant of the shipwrecked, the condemned, something like a prayer and also like something grander, something comparable to the ancient sublime 'Ave Caesar morituri te salutamus.'

"When they had finished I asked my neighbour to sing a ballad alone, a legend, anything she liked, to make us forget our terrors. She consented, and immediately her clear young voice flew off into the night. She sang something which was doubtless sad, because the notes were long drawn out, issued slowly from her mouth and hovered, like wounded birds, above the waves.

"The sea was rising now and beating upon our wreck. As for me, I

thought only of that voice. And I thought also of the sirens. If a ship had passed near by us what would the sailors have said? My troubled spirit lost itself in the dream. A siren! Was she not really a siren, this daughter of the sea, who had kept me on this worm-eaten ship, and who was soon about to go down with me deep into the waters?

"But suddenly we were all five rolling on the deck, because the *Marie Joseph* had sunk on her right side. The English girl had fallen across me, and before I knew what I was doing, thinking that my last moment had come, I had caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, her temple and her hair.

"The ship did not move again, and we, we also, remained motionless.

"The father said 'Kate!' The one whom I was holding answered 'Yes,' and made a movement to free herself. And at that moment I should have wished the ship to split in two and let me fall with her into the sea.

"The Englishman continued: 'A little rocking; it's nothing. I have my three daughters safe.'

"Not having seen the oldest, he had thought she was lost overboard.

"I rose slowly, and suddenly I made out a light on the sea quite near us. I shouted; they answered. It was a boat sent out in search of us by the hotel-keeper, who had guessed at our imprudence.

"We were saved. I was in despair. They picked us off our raft, and they brought us back to Saint-Martin.

"The Englishman was now rubbing his hands and murmuring: 'A good supper! A good supper!'

"We did sup. I was not gay. I regretted the *Marie Joseph*.

"We had to separate the next day, after much handshaking and many promises to write. They departed for Biarritz. I was not far from following them.

"I was hard hit; I wanted to ask this little girl in marriage. If we had passed eight days together I should have done so. How weak and in-

comprehensible a man sometimes is!
 "Two years passed without my hearing a word from them. Then I received a letter from New York. She was married and wrote to tell me. And since then we write to each other every year on New Year's Day. She tells me about her life, talks of her children, her sisters, never her husband. Why? Ah! Why?.... And as for me, I only talk of the *Marie Joseph*. That was, perhaps, the only

woman I have ever loved. No—that I ever should have loved.... Ah, well! Who can tell? Facts master you.... And then—and then—all passes.... She must be old now; I should not know her.... Ah! she of the by-gone time, she of the wreck! What a creature!.... Divine! She writes me her hair is white.... That caused me terrible pain.... Ah! her yellow hair.... No, my English girl exists no longer. ... They are sad, such things as that!"

ANOTHER DE MAUPASSANT STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH

THE FORLORN HOPE

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

ONE saw the coming doom and was afraid,
 And said, "My friends, the cause for which you dare
 Is just and worthy, and it has my prayer—
 My time and money are engaged elsewhere."

Another said, "'Twas a good cause and true,
 Not until men condemned it did I doubt,
 'Vox populi, vox Dei' and all that—
 I think 'twere wise and prudent to step out!"

And still another mused, "All hope is lost,
 It was a righteous cause, but then, you see
 I'm older than I was, in fact I feel
 Too much excitement is not good for me."

Another saw the cloud against the sky,
 Gave health and wealth and all his manhood's might
 To fight for the lost cause and prove it true,
 His battle-cry "Let God defend the right!"

Alone, against a serried world he stood,
 His few companions melted from his side,
 Yet all his life he ceased not in the strife—
 Nor had he won the battle when he died.

When he was dead some said, "Was not this man
 A little higher than the common run?
 This cause he fought for, surely it was good!"
 And so, above his grave, the fight was won.

SPRING IN CANADA

BY WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL

SEASON of life's renewal, love's rebirth,
And all hope's young espousals; in your dream,
I feel once more the ancient stirrings of Earth.

Now in your moods benign of sun and wind,
The worn and agéd, winter-wrinkled Earth,
Forgetting sorrow, sleep and icéd snows,
Turns joyful to the glad sun bland and kind,
And in his kiss forgets her ancient woes.

Men scorn thy name in song in these late days
When life is sordid, crude, material, grim,
And love a laughter unto brutish minds,
Song a weariness or an idle whim,
The scoff of herds of this world's soulless hinds,
Deaf to the melody of your brooks and winds,
Blind to the beauty of your splendid dream.

Because earth's hounds and jackals bay the moon,
Must then poor Philomel forbear to sing,
Or that life's barn fowl croak in dismal tune,
Love's lark in heaven fail to lift her wing.

And even I, who feel thine ancient dreams,
Do hail thee, wondrous Spring,
Love's rare magician of this waking world,
Who turnest to melody all Earth's harshest themes,
And buildest beauty out of each bleak thing
In being, where thy roseate dreams are furled.

In thee, old age once more renews his youth,
And turns him kindling to his memoried past,
Reviving golden moments now no more,
By blossoming wood and wide sun-winnowed shore;
While youth by some supreme, divine intent,
Some spirit beneath all moods that breathe and move,
Builds o'er all earth a luminous, tremulous tent
In which to dream and love.

All elements and spirits stir and wake
From haunts of dream and death.
Loosened the waters from their icéd chains
Go roaring by loud ways from fen and lake,
While all the world is filled with voice of rains,

And tender droppings toward the unborn flowers,
And rosy shoots in sunward blossoming bowers.

Loosened, the snows of Winter, cerements
From off the corpse of Autumn, waste and flee;
Loosened the gyves of slumber, plain and stream,
And all the spirits of life who build and dream
Enfranchised, glad and free.

Far out around the world by woods and meres,
Rises, like morn from night, a magic haze,
Filled with dim pearly hints of unborn days,
Of April's smiles and tears.

Far in the misty woodlands, myriad buds,
Shut leaves and petals, peeping one by one,
As in a night, leafy infinitudes,
By some kind inward magic of the sun,
Where yestereve the sad-voiced lonesome wind
Wailed a wild melody of mad Winter's mind,
Now clothed with tremulous glories of the Spring.

Or in low meadow lands some chattering brook
But last eve silent, or in slumbrous tune
Whispering hushed melodies to the wan-faced moon,
Like life slow ebbing; now with all life's dowers,
Goes loudly shouting down the joyous hours.

Wan weeds and clovers, tiny spires of green,
Rising from myriad meadows and far fields,
Drinking within the warm rains sweet and clear;
Put on the infinite glory of the year.

After long months of waiting, months of woe,
Months of withered age and sleep and death,
Months of bleak cerements of icéd snow,
After dim shrunken days and long-drawn nights
Of pallid storm and haunted northern lights,
Wakens the song, the bud, the brook, the thrill,
The glory of being and the petalled breath,—
The newer wakening of a magic will,
Of life re-stirring to its infinite deeps,
By wave and shore and hooded mere and hill;—
And I, too, blind and dumb, and filled with fear,
Life-gyved and frozen, like a prisoned thing,
Feel all this glory of the waking year,
And my heart fluttering like a young bird's wing,
Doth tune itself in joyful guise to sing
The splendour and hope of all the splendid year,
The magic dream of Spring!

INDEPENDENCE AND THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

By PROFESSOR DE SUMICHRAST, of Harvard



IR WILFRID LAURIER has recently stated that Canada will shortly demand the power to arrange "the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory," leaving to the sovereign the responsibility of vetoing the arrangements if, in the opinion of his constitutional advisers, they conflict with the interests of the Empire. At the first glance nothing can be more reasonable or less fraught with possibilities of danger. Yet, on reflection, it will be seen that the demand is much broader than would appear; all treaties affecting the trade or territory of Canada are to be practically negotiated by the Dominion Government. If the negotiations appear to threaten the interests of the Empire the Home Government may veto them. Is there not here as great a source of danger to the amicable relations between the Empire at large and Canada as in any method hitherto pursued? What has been the cry of late? The cry shouted forth in meetings, in the press, in letters to the papers, not in the Dominion only, but in the United States, letters written by Canadians? That the British Foreign Office and the British Colonial Office have bartered, have gambled away the interests of Canada for the sake of cultivating the friendship of the United States. This has been repeated *ad nauseam*, and with a strength of conviction that might almost be alarming, were it not that there are still cool heads in charge of the direction of affairs on both sides of the controversy.

Now, let a treaty affecting Canadian trade be proposed and the preliminaries—that is to say, the fundamental and indispensable conditions of the bargain—be negotiated by Canadians exclusively. It is within the bounds of

easy possibility, but not within the bounds of comparative probability, that the negotiators would not lose sight of Imperial interests. They would be, however, much more likely to think solely of Canadian interests and to safeguard them and them only. Then let the Imperial Government, forced thereto not alone by the recognition of the fact that Imperial interests were neglected or imperilled, but also by the protests from other parts of the Empire concerned in the outcome of the treaty, let the Imperial Government veto the preliminaries, and straightway there would again be heard the cry that Canadian interests were being sacrificed, not, perhaps, to maintain pleasant relations with the United States, but to conserve the dignity or soothe the susceptibilities of a distant colony.

The truth is that it is impossible to conceive of any treaty affecting the trade of Canada which will not, in a measure, affect the interests of the Mother Land or of some one of the great self-governing colonies. The relations between the various parts of the Empire are so close, so intimate, the means of intercommunication so numerous and so rapid, the interests of the one so inextricably linked with the interests of the other—for trade is universal—that it may be affirmed that any treaty bearing upon the trade of one part must affect, more or less strongly, the trade of another.

The very growth of the Canadian national spirit tends and must tend to increase that danger. But that is not a reason for desiring to check the growth of that spirit. It should and ought to grow, and it is for the welfare of the Empire that in every one of the great self-governing colonies a similar spirit should be fostered and develop-

ed; for the stronger the national life, the deeper the pride in the country's success, the more stable will be the Government, the greater the care bestowed upon the preservation of free institutions. But so long as these great colonies remain a part of the mighty British Empire there rests upon each of them a responsibility which must be faced, which must be discharged, and one part of that responsibility is to consider questions from an Imperial and not simply from a colonial point of view. The annoyance felt with the British Foreign Office, with the Colonial Office, springs mainly from forgetfulness of this responsibility or from deliberate renunciation of it.

It is easy to affirm that the Imperial Government sacrifices the interests of any one particular part of the Empire for the advantage to be gained by courting a foreign power, but it is not so easy to prove that this is the case. With so vast an Empire, composed of lands and nationalities so different, with trade demands so conflicting, with political interests so diverse, the task of the Central Administration becomes one of surpassing difficulty, and as it is plainly impossible to satisfy every one, the best course is to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. In the execution of this policy, the wisdom of which will scarcely be questioned, it is inevitable that susceptibilities should be hurt, and that legitimate ambitions should be frustrated. The irritation thus awakened is natural, and no sensible statesman will find fault with it, but every statesman worthy the name will also expect, and be justified in expecting, that the great colony, or indeed the small colony, for the matter of that, shall take into consideration the larger interests which have made the course pursued the only one proper under the circumstances.

But to confine the question to Canada alone, as is natural at this time, when Canada has asked and readily obtained considerable and important modifications of the conditions governing its connection with Great Britain, it may be well to notice a

few points which the advocates of separation—who exist and make themselves heard—have apparently lost sight of, if ever indeed they perceived them. The examination of these points is not inappropriate even in view of the modifications or explanation of the full treaty-making power declaration of the Premier, since as has been said above, that modified declaration still contains the 'seeds of possible difficulties between the Mother Country and the Dominion. It can readily be understood that at no distant date some problem may present itself requiring settlement by a treaty between Great Britain and a foreign power, in which settlement Canada would be mainly interested, though it can never be solely interested so long as it remains a part of the Empire. Let that treaty fail through a veto of the Home authorities, and it is quite on the cards that the cry would go up from Halifax to Vancouver for fuller powers and absolute and final control of all the matters pertaining to the making of treaties involving the trade or territory of Canada.

Now, the granting of these powers—and it has been said, and is here repeated, that if Canada ever asks for them they will be granted—means separation and nothing less; independence; the setting-up of Canada as a nation by itself, content to rely on its own powers and to conduct its own affairs with the various parts of the Empire to which it had once belonged and with the foreign powers with which it must of necessity have relations.

Has the time come, is the time appreciably near, when Canada would be well advised to demand separation? Surely a moment's consideration will suffice to bring home the conviction to every reasonable man's mind that separation now or within a few years would mean annexation to the republic of the United States, and the utter destruction of the Canadian nation as such. Doubtless many well-informed and patriotic Canadians will deny the mere possibility of such an eventual-

ity, and will assert that the national spirit is so strong in the country that nothing could overcome it. And there is considerable force in this assertion, but there is greater force in the power of attraction of a vast and energetic country like the United States, and in the resolute policy of aggrandisement, of territorial aggrandisement, upon which it has entered of late years, and in which it has made such astounding progress. If the people of the United States can resist all arguments against the annexation of lands peopled by races wholly alien to themselves, if they still seek to add to their domains territories inhabited by races absolutely incapable of being, for many long years to come, assimilated with the population of the Republic, is it at all likely that this land lust would not exercise itself in the direction of the fertile plains and the rich mineral lands to the north, inhabited by a people kindred in race, alike in most respects, and endowed with a similar spirit of energy and progress? The desire has manifested itself already, as is well known to the most cursory reader of the American press. A Boston newspaper has long had as a standing heading, "Our immediate duty is the annexation of Canada." And while men may smile at this and think it a foolish bid for popularity, the fact remains that by dinning an idea sufficiently long into the heads of readers, you at last succeed in fixing it firmly in their minds and making them believe in its essential soundness. The attitude of the United States Government towards Canada has not, it is true, been a very kindly or even a very courteous one. The advances made by the Ottawa Cabinet have time and again been met with contempt or indifference, but this is one way of driving a high-spirited people to acts that eventually will lead to fusion. The more the United States market is denied to Canadians the more will the need of it make itself felt, and when that sense of need has become overpowering, men will hesitate less at the method by which it may be satisfied.

An independent Canada, unbacked by the power of the whole British Empire, will assuredly not obtain concessions which are refused to it under existing circumstances. The continuous and subtle Americanising of large portions of the country will go on apace and bear its natural fruit; the influx of American capital and the growth of American interests will contribute to the changing of opinion. The severance of the link with Great Britain will involve gradually the adoption of other ideals of government, those ideals being more and more those of the country alongside, even though every Canadian worthy of the name recognises at the present moment the superiority of his own system of government. Then the attraction which a vast body exercises upon a considerably smaller one will have to be taken into account. Just now, as part of the British Empire, Canada is part of a power infinitely greater than the United States; as an independent nationality, it will be infinitely smaller.

Treaty-making involves necessarily the ability, that is the power, to enforce observance of treaties. Canada will not be for some considerable time in a position to enforce treaties it may make, if independent. And it could not reasonably appeal to the Empire from which it had parted to aid it in compelling such observance. With its great and increasing maritime trade, the Dominion would speedily find itself in difficulties with foreign powers, contemptuous of her strength and deliberately neglectful of their solemn obligations. It will gradually build up a navy of its own, no doubt, just as it is engaged at present in building up an army from the excellent and abundant material it possesses, but a navy large enough to protect its commerce in every part of the many seas will take a long time to build and equip, just as an army cannot be manufactured in a day. Until Canada is in a position to fully defend herself and to protect the interests of her people in every part of the globe, independence would mean helplessness and weakness, and the growth

of a strong desire to be under the protection of a power capable of making itself respected. But having broken away from Great Britain, Canada would not return under the Union Jack; her destiny would lead her under the Stars and Stripes, and she would lose all trace of her once proud nationality, and become merely a number of States of the Union; not by any means an unpleasant or unhappy fate, but one which would be far from realizing the dreams of a powerful young nation to the North capable of holding her own in competition with the mighty Republic to the South.

It may be urged that the national spirit, developing rapidly and strongly as it has done and will do, would prove a bar to any annexation or fusion. But national spirit does not alone suffice, and material circumstances influence the fate of nations. What is there to keep Canada safe within her borders as an independent power? A mere imaginary line of demarcation between herself and the United States. And greater obstacles than this have not prevented the spreading of United States rule over desired territories. The real danger, however, to Canada's independence would arise from the contiguity of the two peoples, from the absorbing power of the Republic, from the infiltration of American habits and modes of thought, from the gradual adoption of American principles and practices of government; the proselytising would go on incessantly and the results would rapidly become manifest.

An independent Canada would desire to round out her domains. There is not much room to do so, certainly; yet there are still territories which seem naturally destined to be included within the political rule of the Dominion. Newfoundland assuredly will come into the Dominion at no distant day, yet there is constant flirting with the United States on the part of that island province, and there are many reasons which would make it advantageous for the United States to include it within its possessions. Near

Newfoundland lie the French islands, of no considerable value to France, it is true, since the heavy blow struck at foreign fisheries on the Banks by the passage of the Bait Act. But any proposal to acquire these islands, to acquire Greenland, would meet with opposition not in France and Denmark alone, but in the United States. It is but a short time since one of the leading papers in Boston, discussing this point, declared that any attempt to add these territories to the Dominion would evoke the application of the Monroe doctrine. The argument used to justify this position was unquestionably unsound, but sound arguments are not always necessary when force will answer the purpose equally well. Here, then, would be a new danger to a young and independent Canada, and a failure to accomplish its purpose would be galling in the extreme to that proud country.

So far the question has been considered from the point of view of the advantage and disadvantage to Canada only, but there is also the question of the advantage and disadvantage to the Empire. Here it is plain that whatever benefit the Empire might derive from satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the Dominion, the loss to itself, by the separation of Canada, would be considerable, though not irretrievable. Canada, Australia, New Zealand are the three great self-governing colonies that constitute the strongest portions of the vast Empire. For one of them to break away would be to strike a blow at the real power and at the prestige of the Empire. It would precipitate a general sundering of the parts, and set an example that probably would be followed by other colonies more safely situated, for the development of their national aspirations, than is the Dominion. This result could not but injuriously affect the interests of civilisation, and from a purely business point of view, it would be an unprofitable transaction. The united force of the Empire, as at present constituted, could never be possessed by any of the separate portions,

and there is not now the opportunity for colonisation under suitable climes and in favourable circumstances which existed when the three great colonies were first founded. Each of them, with the reservations already made concerning Canada, could grow into strong nations, but it is not conceivable that they would exert the same influence on the world which the Empire now exercises. And in this loss the whole human race would share.

What then? Shall the growth, shall the progress of the great colonies be stayed, or even merely hindered, by such considerations? Shall the legitimate aspirations of Canada, in the first place, of Australia and New Zealand in the next, be denied realisation because it seems advisable to the lovers of empire that the British Dominions shall be maintained intact? No, there is no reason why these great countries, why these energetic peoples should not enjoy all the benefits to which they are naturally entitled. The question they have to consider is simply whether they cannot obtain all they really need without breaking away from the mother land. There must be give and take in every partnership, and the relation between the great colonies and the mother land is now the relation of partners among themselves, and not in any wise that of superior and inferior, of suzerain and dependent. The interests of the whole concern are those which must ever be kept in view, and with judicious and calm examination of local interests, to use the word local in a broader sense than ordinarily, means of conciliating them with the greater, because more general interests, can surely be found. Mr. Balfour's speech at Manchester, in which he spoke of the introduction of the Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence into the membership of the Imperial Committee of Defence, has shown how a solution of the difficulty has been found in one department, and if it can be found in one it can be found in all.

Putting aside the loss to the country which would be involved in the

withdrawal of the armed forces of the Empire, both land and sea, a loss which would eventually be made up by the creation and development of a Canadian army and navy, there would be material and sentimental losses which have also much importance. The enormous increase of expenditure which would be necessitated by the proper defence of the land, an increase which, however, should already be sanctioned to a certain large extent, would be added to by the expenditure required by the creation of a diplomatic and a consular corps. For the commercial interests of the Dominion could not well be left to take care of themselves, especially in the face of the keen competition which is every day growing more strenuous. Under the present régime Canada benefits, without spending a single penny, by the whole admirable diplomatic and consular work done by the Imperial authorities, the cost of which is borne solely by the British taxpayer. Under the régime of independence Canada would have to bear unaided the whole of that expenditure. And no doubt it would be able to do so after a time, after it had developed the vast and yet unexploited resources known to be at her disposal. But successive governments would have to undergo very bitter criticism at the hands of merchants and others whose interests would necessarily suffer during a period of years. And whether there would not in the meantime arise a strong movement for annexation to the United States, so as to diminish the burden and to gain advantages to be reaped only by association with a powerful and enormously wealthy nation, is a question which many would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative.

Canada is in the position of the son of a wealthy family who has had no care in regard to providing for himself, and who suddenly desires to launch out for himself. The easy life hitherto led changes into one of striving and self-denial, and the temptation to return to a position of comfort is apt to be overpowering. Here again one sees the

danger of the sinking of Canada's individuality in the United States, and as this is a consummation undesired by any one in the Dominion at the present time, it may be termed a danger. In other respects it is not. For to belong to so great, so powerful, so rich, so progressive a country as the United States can by no stretch of imagination be considered an evil. It is true that all those forms of government of which Canadians are so justly proud would be greatly modified; that the special and extraordinary privileges enjoyed by one province at least would be swept away, never again to be restored; but there would be plainly compensations of a nature to satisfy many of the discontented. Yet the main thing, the feeling of nationality, would vanish; that feeling which means so much to those who now inhabit Canada, and which they have developed at such cost and with such success.

Then, again, Canada would lose her connection with the glorious historical past of the Empire which she has helped to build up and so lately helped to extend. Her traditions would have to be made up of the War of Independence, and Bunker Hill day take the place of Dominion Day and Paardeberg anniversary. The feeling of connection with the mother land would remain in the breasts of the older men, but in the hearts of the younger generation, untrained to think of England as home, might grow up the feeling of hostility and mistrust which has so long swayed the speech and actions of Americans in all matters in which Great Britain is concerned. Whether this is worth the obtaining full treaty-making powers under the conditions enunciated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier may seem somewhat doubtful.

A change must come; it is impossible, every thinking person recognises that fact, for Canada to remain in a purely dependent position and hemmed in by restrictions that, however wise and sound when first imposed, she has now outgrown, and the necessity for which consequently no longer exists. But in the discussion of the proposal,

which Parliament will be invited to enter upon, in the discussion of the measure, which will have to take place before the constituencies, the point which all true lovers of Canada, all real patriots, all desirous of the best solution of a difficulty palpable to all men, must steadily keep in mind, is that by the side of the purely Canadian interests are the interests of the Empire—that is, in a sense, of the human race, since the British Empire stands for civilisation, justice and progress and liberty throughout the world. The need is for Canadians to take not merely a sectional view of the problem, but to rise to the height of Imperial consideration of it, and to understand that no department of the British Government is so hide-bound as to refuse to consider the just claims of the great Dominion and to do them the fullest justice. But there is also the right, on the part of the Empire, to ask that Canadians shall endeavour to realise the extent and complexity of the problems which confront the Imperial administration, and that Canadians, through their authorised representatives, and likewise in their individual capacity, shall strive to conciliate their own legitimate demands with the needs of the Empire at large. If there be any advantage, if there be any pride, if there be any strength derivable from the fact of belonging to the mightiest and the best governed Empire the world has ever beheld, then it is right to make some sacrifices for the common weal, and to so adjust matters that while it may be impossible to obtain all that naturally and legitimately the country is entitled to, the greatest good of the greatest number shall be attained. Solidarity is equally as necessary in the relations between the various parts of a great empire as it is between the inhabitants of any country, between the members of any association. Moderation, breadth of view, thought for other parts of the Empire, foresight and prudence, these be the qualities which, in the discussion of this question, men of sense should bring to bear upon it.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 51—HON. J. I. TARTE

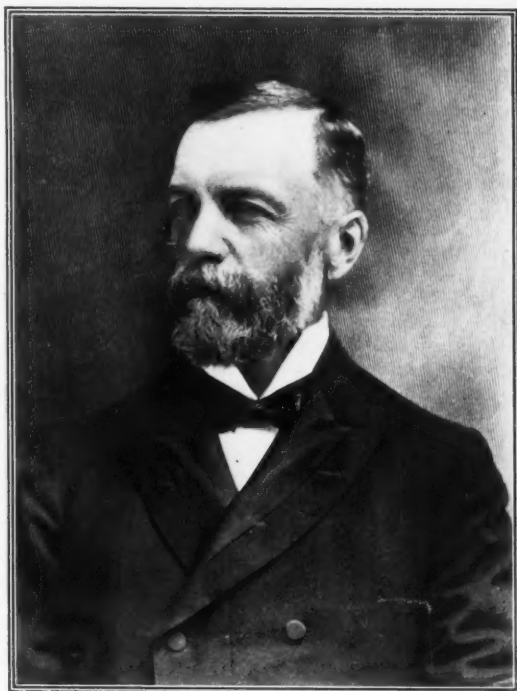


JOSEPH ISRAEL TARTE received a college education in Quebec, where the old idea prevails that culture resides chiefly in the humanities. This training gave him imagination. His professional course in law gave him practical aims. Under the circumstances it was almost inevitable that he should become a journalist after the Parisian manner, that is a poet well ballasted. Sir Wilfrid Laurier began in nearly the same way, only his studies took the shape of public speaking, while Mr. Tarte's inclined toward giving politics a literary favour. The direction their talents assumed and perhaps the comparative success of their careers lies in their temperaments. Sir Wilfrid Laurier abandoned journalism for the law; Mr. Tarte abandoned law for journalism. In other words, Sir Wilfrid felt that the metes and bounds of the law were just the corrective his imagination needed, while Mr. Tarte felt that they were a constraint. Sir Wilfrid is a great orator with a cool head. In his most glowing periods he will not lose sight of caution. Without seeming so, his eloquence is wary and deliberate and he is never more convincing than when he skirts the danger point. He is conceivably an indifferent editor because the oratorical style is too diffuse for leading articles. Mr. Tarte, on the other hand, is a great journalist with a hot head and an eager tongue. When he speaks he is apt to be carried away by a metaphor. Thoughtful enough when he has his pen in hand, his language as careful as it is picturesque, his argument as studied as it is warm, he will chase butterflies on a public platform. He behaves like a boy out of school, so pleased is he to get away for a while from the ordered business by which he makes a living. Other men have felt the same way. If politics is a play hour it cannot be treated

as a duty. That would rob it of all its delight. If the serious view of statesmanship does not prevail, then it is an intellectual pastime, and a man must not be censured for adjusting himself to all the quirks of the game. With Mr. Tarte politics is a game. His success as an organizer in Quebec shows that he learned all the moves. His active mind takes pleasure in applying them. This is the charitable, perhaps the true construction to put on those vagaries of opinion which at times have labelled him as a renegade to both the political parties. If politics is a mere mental recreation like chess or whist there can be no fidelity to any line of action beyond the immediate circumstance which is to be negotiated. The responsibility is not continuous.

Of course Mr. Tarte can make out a good case by saying that the most enlightened consistency is to be true to one's self. And sometimes he goes even farther, declaring that he has cherished the same views all his life—he has always been a protectionist. Admitting the force of both his arguments, the chief contention that Mr. Tarte makes a game of politics will remain undisturbed. It is a game that Frenchmen will relish so long as the name France stands for glory, excitement and the applause of the footlights. It is a game that ambitious men in Quebec will come to as easily as a cat laps milk. Mr. Tarte would never have been satisfied with the judicious compliment that filters through to a clever writer. What he wanted was the thunderous approval of the hustings and the Parliament, the hand clapping and seat thumping, visible, audible, tremendous, which puts praise beyond a doubt. It is a healthy trait in any man's character. 'Tis an instinct of human nature, which with some others not as worthy, has given Canada many a great publicist from Quebec.

As faith can scale greater heights than reason, so the man who makes politics a game cannot compass the same pinnacles as the serious statesman. Without enlarging on this question, think again of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte—the one earnest, purposeful, straightforward, hewing to the line; the other volatile, nimble, a truant, always looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; the one Premier, firmly fixed in the esteem and confidence of the people; the other, having scrambled part way up the steep of fame, now fallen and suspected, although unfairly. The public has simply valued Mr. Tarte by the levity of his own conduct and the rashness of his own utterances. For instance, when he went abroad for his health he puzzled all except his intimates by the contradictory remarks that were cabled to Canada. In London he was an Imperialist, all-red, British to the core; in Paris he was for the tricolour, Gaulois in every fibre. To those outside the Cabinet it appeared that Mr. Tarte never opened his mouth except to put his foot in it. But his best friends knew that it was one and the same Mr. Tarte under different circumstances, Mr. Tarte who believes in plucking the day, Mr. Tarte acting up to the lights, the music, the rare viands, the dulcet wines and the atmosphere of mutual compliment at those public banquets. If Mr. Tarte had taken his politics seriously he would have been more guarded. In part, too, it was the fault of his practice as a writer. The method of the writer is to weigh, polish, condense, be pithy and sententious, and when Mr. Tarte is engaged that way he is



HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE
PHOTO BY TOPLEY

calm and reflective. The method of the speaker is to glow, to soar—prudently, of course—to trick out with pretty purple patches and to expand. Tarte the Journalist could never think wisely on his feet. Attempting to expand he invariably bursts and his excitable English will usually make a bad mistake a little worse.

Allowing something for exaggeration, Dr. Johnson's verdict on Oliver Goldsmith applies to Mr. Tarte. He writes like an angel and talks like poor Poll, so far as party policy is concerned. It seems strange that a man who displays craft and finesse as an organizer should be so disappointing in his public performances.

Mr. Tarte has been compared to that other Joseph over seas, Mr. Chamberlain, and indeed there is some resemblance in the incidents of their

careers. Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Tarte have left their party twice and both times their party was in power. This seems to prove that their change of opinion was in each case sincere, for an ambitious man gains nothing except moral comfort by going into opposition. In this regard Mr. Tarte has the advantage of Mr. Chamberlain, for, though Mr. Chamberlain might have had reason to believe that Home Rule would defeat the Gladstone Government, Mr. Tarte could not have felt so sure that the McGreevy scandal would upset Sir John Macdonald. It has even been hinted that a friendship for Chapleau, who was being squeezed out of the Cabinet, led Mr. Tarte to make these revelations and to undertake all the obloquy and reproach. In which case Mr. Tarte takes rank with Damon and Pythias. To pursue the analogy further. When Mr. Chamberlain separated from the Unionist party it may have been as much his ineligibility to be Premier as a passion for preferential trade that inspired him. But when Mr. Tarte left the Liberal party, not so long ago, at a time when it was in its very plenilune of strength, he could not have imagined that his defection would diminish by one jot the towering affection felt by Quebec toward Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government. Those who call him Judas Iscariot Tarte do him a great injustice. His personal honesty has not been assailed. His department was cleanly administered. His sincerity cannot be impeached. The one charge against him as a politician is that he is unstable, capricious, easily distracted by honeyed words. Although Mr. Tarte is again a candidate for sanctification from the Conservative party, he and Sir Wilfrid Laurier entertain a high regard for each other, a mutual friendship which could not subsist if there was a smirch of treachery anywhere. He is a doughty fighter, although not perhaps so dauntless and rugged as that one man who has undertaken, single-handed, to switch a world-girdling Empire to his views.

Mr. Tarte has never lacked courage. His health is delicate, but his enemies, of whom he has many, have always acted on him like a tonic. Did his energy flag? A taunt would bring him to his feet. Be he never so sick he is always ready for a skirmish. This chipper little man, a bundle of nerves, would jump off the surgeon's table any day to take a hand in a fight. He has had more than his share of illness. His is one of those rebellious livers that will have to be killed with a stick. But he is no hypochondriac. He is as blithe as the flowers of May. When Mr. Tarte dropped out of the Cabinet and left not a ripple behind him, he must have been mortified to discover that the Minister bulked so much larger than the man. That is, he would have felt that way if politics had been to him anything more than a hobby, with a few perquisites like power and favour tied on to it. As a matter of fact, the statesman relapsed quite gracefully into the journalist, and the editorials in *La Patrie*, which had been his putatively while he was a Cabinet Minister, now became his authoritative. Mr. Tarte takes an abiding pride in his profession, which the profession returns with interest, for he is a trenchant writer. In the House of Commons the Minister of Public Works was a frequent visitor to the Press Gallery, and he seemed to take as much satisfaction from a casual seat in the humble little eery over the Speaker's chair as he did in his more conspicuous place on the Ministerial benches. His nose for news, rare in the French journalist who plumes himself more on his views, provided *La Patrie* with many scoops when its proprietor was "in the know," and provides it now with many happy guesses based on what he learned of currents of opinion when he was a cabinet minister. As the possessor of a vivacious French prose style quite equal to his Paris models, charged with wit and brightened with personal touches after the best boulevard manner, Mr. Tarte is the premier journalist of Quebec. The animation and colour which betray him into verbal

indiscretions, lend piquancy to his penned articles, where they can be bestowed in phrases judiciously weighed and distributed. Perhaps Mr. Tarte's misfortunes are due to the fact that as a newspaper man he can see two sides to every question. Perhaps, as we said before, it is because he is by nature a poet with a ballast of common sense. When the poet is uppermost the com-

mon sense suffers, and when common sense is forgotten or slighted political parties get bumped. Mr. Tarte has such a fine literary taste that he might be tempted to sacrifice a policy to it. In Canada it is not customary for editorial writers to sign their articles, but Mr. Tarte's leaders need no signature. The style is the man.

H. Franklin Gadsby

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MacFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*," "*The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer*," Etc.

I.—GEORGE MEREDITH



GEORGE MEREDITH faces life a mighty laughter, glad to be alive, glad to walk the fresh sweet earth, glad to breathe the southwest winds that blow health into the lungs of the race of which he is so proud a being, glad of this splendid wayfaring amid the adventures that make up the journey of life. And what a mighty laugh it is! Right from the deep chest—setting one chuckling at the very merriment of it. The finely-chiselled nose, with the sharp pugnacious tilt at end, betrays eagerness for the duel of wit, eagerness to know all, eagerness to be at the very front of life. The leaping energy that lurks behind the dreamy eyelids finds interest in everything. Meredith sees life too exquisitely to be afraid of being accused of regarding small things. His pointed grey beard gives the suggestion to the strong, clean-shaped head of an admiral of our day. He is of the type of the man of action. To hear Meredith talk of the coming youngsters of the day, asking his keen questions about their personal attainments, their appearance, their promise, his nervous face all alert to know, is to be in the feverish company of an eager youth.

His feet no longer pace the long walk up the grassy slope of the majestic hill that sweeps from his doors upwards into the clouds, but the keen brain is as passionately inquisitive of the world as in the years when his youth took him blithely walking along its ways. There is in the bearing of the man a distinction, a splendour of manners, a perfection of the carriage of the body, as of a great man saying and doing the simple thing with an air that realizes the word aristocrat in human shape more vividly than in any living man. He gives a more profound sense of greatness than any one I have ever met.

The suggestion of a delicacy almost feminine, in the pictures of him, is obliterated in the presence of the real man, whose every accent is virile in its refinement. Yet in him must be some great share of the woman's insight. His women are in the front rank of artistic creation.

The art of George Meredith is given to the optimistic conception of life. Life is a good thing—a thing to be lived handsomely and fearlessly, not a thing to be denied and evaded and sneaked through. It is God's good gift, to be breathed into the body, to be

tasted, to be essayed. It is a wondrous romance; and, says Meredith, "The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

He understands human nature, weighs it in the balance wittily and with a profound humour. He laughs at its weaknesses. He twits its follies, always with affection, always making allowances for it. He takes no side bitterly—he remembers always that every human soul is his cousin.

The artistic use of his splendid prose is as though some great master made great music. When the stage is held by the thunder of the warring elements, Meredith's prose swells and resounds to the din. When he would make Dame Gossip yield into our attentive ears some quaint secret, the prose drops to a suggestive whisper, with wink of eye and with critical under-lip protruded.

Someone has spoken disparagingly of Meredith's "bedizened phrase." It is rather a neat stab. Indeed, the critic generally represents Meredith as the Man Difficult to Understand. He is held up as the juggler of words—the puzzle to be given up with a shrug of the shoulders.

As a matter of fact, the whole of life, every incident, every act, every object is a real thing, a significant thing, freshly seen and interesting from its very essence—and Meredith records the picture of it, the emotion it causes within his senses, in the whimsical fashion in which his eyes see it. There is a certain ruggedness in his phrasing, born of his virile love of life. There is often enough an obscurity of statement due to the quick, witty way he records his impression. His original eyesight bewilders the dullard who can see no romance in anything not dead a hundred years. He sets down the subtleties of womanhood with subtlety, as he needs must if the subtlety is to be retained. His fancy runs riot in pithy wit and brilliant dialogue, for he sees life very large and very profoundly.

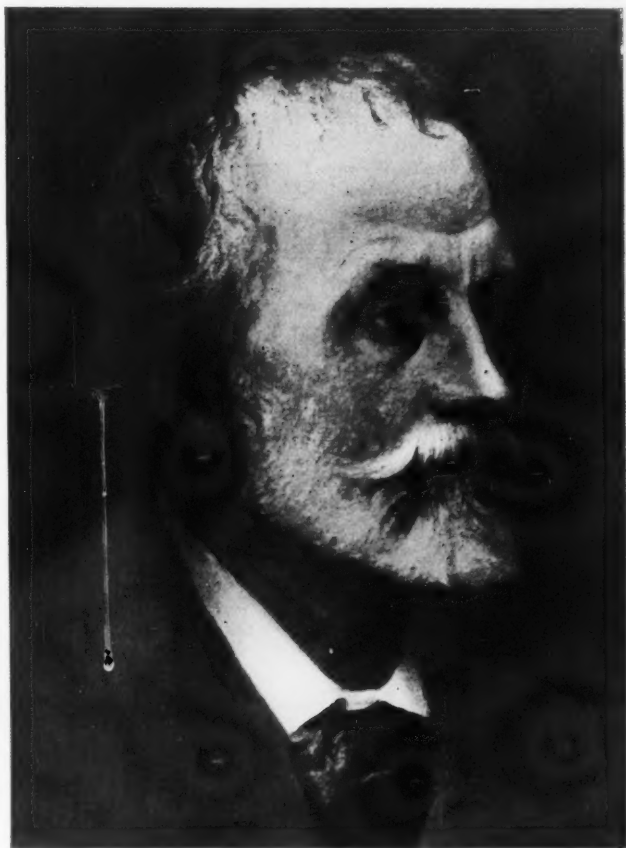
His defect is bred from his very greatness, from his brilliant parts.

His love of elaborate subtleties of phrasing, and the avoidance of the simple statement from its lack of colour, lead him into perplexities. His most serious defect is a tendency to suggest only the broader aspects of things, so that he *seems* to polish life into a dandified existence that flinches from passion and the tender emotions that are very life. But the report of his defects is exaggerated out of all proportion by the ordinary critic. The big pulsing life is there under the subtle suggestion that goes round it, and wittily and gracefully plays with it. He lashes at vice, but he kills it as a cat kills a snake, exulting in his certainty.

There is no man in English letters who has been so misunderstood as George Meredith—there is no man more thoroughly misunderstood to-day. I know of one brilliant literary woman of Irish birth—and the literary Irish are not given to diffidence—who in Meredith's presence was in a state of stammering dread, fearing the irony and satire of his tongue. Meredith! a man with the heart of a boy, the comradeship of a subaltern, the breezy, large sympathy of a sailor, the keen, universal inquisitiveness of a diplomat, the wide interest of a man of affairs—a man to whom nothing is too small but pettiness, nothing too insignificant but baseness—a man to whom the subtle brain and the quick instinct of womanhood have been laid open as to no writer who has written in our tongue. A man with a heart as large as a cathedral. This is he who is labelled for the man in the street as the excruciating distorter of words—the man in the street who has never even tried to understand him, but has been content to take for granted the heehawing estimate of little groundling writers.

For him who reads a novel simply as pleasant idleness, and is content to float along the stream of a mere story, Meredith is wholly impossible. He is too big—too full of the mighty comedy of the earth—too witty. You might as well try to judge of a mountain's

significance by running up and down a sand hill. It is as though a roysterer broke into a cellar of subtle wines, and complained bitterly of the lack of wholesome taste, kicking the bottles - of phrasing that is a very casket of



GEORGE MEREDITH
FROM THE PAINTING BY WATTS

about because they do not hold throat-clutching gin.

And what a wealth of good things is his! Meredith puts more of life into a phrase than many a man into a book. In his chapter that tells of the elopement of the Countess (I think Dame Gossip utters the splendid scan-

gem, uttered in English that is like the utterance of violins and deep-sounding 'cellos set to music under the genius of a Handel. It is a chapter that for sheer vivid art is a very masterpiece. The revelation of the moods of the dandified gentleman in silk and satin and wig and patches, with jew-

elled sword on hip, who accompany the carriage along the snow-carpeted roads, having money on this business of the Countess coming home from the ball in her coach, or her not so coming, yet strutting it with emotions hidden under light jest and quip, is a work of pure genius. It is a chapter that for downright romance puts the whole accomplishment of a Stevenson into the second place. There is nothing quite like it in English prose.

Yet it is a pity, as with that other mighty master of English prose, Thomas Carlyle, that a too subtle statement, even of subtle ideas, should bar the splendid wisdom and the prodigal wealth of this great soul from the eyes of the ordinary man. The appeal of all great art must be to a wide public. Meredith's subtlety of phrase stands, a fantastic fellow, rapier in hand, barring the way, at first sight, for all but the wits; yet the man who will beard the whimsical sentry will find him a laughing fellow who will let him pass on giving the countersign of intelligence, who will let him enter into a garden that will make glad the healthy heart of any clean-souled human being.

Young manhood and young womanhood—the splendid imperial age of healthy inquisitiveness, the age

of the strong heart and the forward-looking eyes, the age that seeks passionately, eagerly, at the threshold of life, for the meaning of life—these stretch out eager hands to know what to hold, what to let go. Give to such the large soul of George Meredith to feed upon. His books are the gift for the Coming of Age. He will hold up no ruffling, vulgar music-hall hero for a youth to build himself upon, nor a dandified academic prig for idol, but a Man—a fellow with eyes that guard a woman, and with feet that do not fear to walk among the adventures of life.

Tender as a woman, strong as a soldier, lofty as God's aristocracy, keen-eyed as a man who calmly steps amongst long odds and fights for his life, clear in hope and ambition for his race, loving the very bunglers whom he whips, the soul of this man is a lamp to youth. The deeps of philosophy are under his laughing comedy. From the habits of chivalrous men of war to the tattle of the ladies' maids, you may see his deep insight into the human drama. And in the prose of George Meredith you may read of life in the words of a well-bred scholar, and hear of it in the accents of a clean-souled English gentleman.

WITH LIFE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

DEAR, we must up and out. Life will not wait
Like village beau beside a garden gate.

Dear, the world calls; and Love, who knows the way,
Bids us join hands before the fuller day.

Together, Dear, from morning on to noon
How bravely Life will pipe his gladdest tune!

Together, Dear, from noon till creeping night
How kindly Life will lift his surest light!

Dear, we must up and out; and hand in hand
Try the glad vintage of the farthest land.

The world is wide, Dear Heart. The seas are wide,
And rare, new things go by from tide to tide;

And Life calls to us—morning-crowned, elate;
He'll bide no longer at your garden gate.



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

By
Marjorie R. Johnson

IN seeing "Everyman" in Chickering Hall last season, the writer was conscious of two distinct sensations which wound themselves in and out and round about the deep, serious lesson taught by the play—an undeniably admirable lesson, if somewhat morbid and mediæval: the one, sadness that so much beauty, youth, life, vigour, should be so rudely nipped almost in the bud; the other, a convic-

tion that never was a play so admirably adapted for revealing perfection of form, beauty and expressiveness of face and melodiousness of voice. All these Edith Wynne Matthison possesses in a marked degree, and her portrayal of "Everyman" from the time when he first appears on the stage in all the beauty and joy of young life, through the ensuing stages of horror, appeal, submission to the inevitable confession, penance and the final "*in manus tuas*" at the tomb, is a master-



MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY AS ADRIANA AND DROMIO IN "A COMEDY OF ERRORS"
PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS HARRIET WHITTIER



MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY ON THE VERANDAH
AT MISS WHITTIER'S HOME

piece of art, so realistic as to seem an intense, absorbing reality.

It was my happy lot to have a personal interview with Mrs. Kennedy, and I found her the attractive, dignified, true English gentlewoman she appears on the stage. There is a naturalness about her, an unaffectedness, an absence of self-consciousness which reveal a genuine soul, one that would be true in whatever life-work she might undertake.

She is a great favourite with her associates in the dramatic profession. She and Miss Dorothy Mahomed, the lady who is called "Dyscrecion" in the play, are fast friends, the latter an ardent admirer of Mrs. Kennedy.

We spoke of Canada, where the gifted actress has many friends in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, her memories of all the friends she had made being very pleasant.

"How splendid it is that you and Mr. Kennedy can be together," was remarked.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is a great comfort. We have been together now for five years; we have been married

six years and a half. For the first year and a half we were obliged to go different ways, but since that we have been together always."

She then gave the following pretty account of the manner of their first meeting.

"We have known each other since we were children. Oddly enough, we first met over a little play that he and my brother wrote, and in which I was one of the actors. The boys were the villains in the play. They not only wrote it, but painted the scenery, put up the stage, the curtain, and everything. I remember they painted the scenery in the cellar, and when they tried to bring it upstairs it wouldn't go—it was too large, and they had to take it back and put hinges in it. I do not think the audience saw the play through; it was so long that I think their patience gave out before the end."

In answer to questions Mrs. Kennedy spoke of her father's brother, Arthur Matthison, who in his day was a well-known actor on both sides of the Atlantic. He had acted with Booth and Irving. His death took place about twenty years ago.

"On my mother's side," continued she, "I belong to a family of singers.



AN AMATEUR PHOTO OF MRS. KENNEDY TAKEN
BY MISS DOROTHY MAHOMED, WHO PLAYED
DYSCRECION IN "EVERYMAN"

Edith Wynne was my mother's sister; it is for her I am named. If I had been choosing myself I should not have taken such a long stage name, but, being named for my aunt who was so well known, of course I like to keep the Edith Wynne, and my dear father would not like it if I dropped the Matthison."

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy occupied a pretty apartment in "Hemenway Chambers," while in Boston. The windows give on the Fenway, and the view is very pretty. Mrs. Kennedy had preserved her peep from the windows in a photograph which would, no doubt, be full of interest to the parents in Birmingham, who are both living, and who follow the career of their gifted daughter with just pride and delight. She is the only daughter, though there are three sons whose photographs occupied conspicuous positions on the piano—all fine-looking, wholesome young Englishmen.

There was also a portrait of Mr. Kennedy's sister, a beautiful woman in sumptuous fancy costume. In reply to the remark that she and her sister-in-law did not look unlike, Mrs. Kennedy said smilingly:

"Mr. Kennedy says that he can see a resemblance between his sister and me."

In the course of their Boston engagement Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were guests for a week of the Misses Whittier, of Milton, Mass. The pictures



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

representing Mrs. Kennedy as "Adriana" and her husband as "Dromio" in the "Comedy of Errors," were taken by Miss Harriet Whittier, as also the little domestic scene on the porch, where the two are pictured as they appear in everyday life. The three "Everyman" pictures were taken by Miss Dorothy Mahomed, and none of these have been published before.

A SONG

BY A. J. MCDOUGALL

Drip, drip, drip,
And the raindrops patter on the pane
One by one, one by one.
In my heart the music sings,
While the baby crows and clings,
For his Daddy's coming shine or rain
To his son, to his son.

Crow, crow, crow
For the light is fading in the west.
Night is near, night is near,—
And my heart sings the refrain,
Be it sunshine, be it rain,—
List, my darling, lying in your nest,—
Daddy's here! Daddy's here!



CHAPTER V—FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND—MONTCALM SENT TO CANADA—LORD LOUDON TAKES COMMAND OF THE BRITISH FORCES—HIS USELESS CAMPAIGN ON LAKE GEORGE—MONTCALM CAPTURES OSWEGO—1755-1756.



IN spite of her triumphs both in attack and defence, Canada spent but a miserable winter. The exigencies of war had sadly interfered with the saving of what at the best would have been but an indifferent harvest. Something like a famine prevailed, and the bakers' shops were besieged by hungry crowds. English cruisers watched the mouth of the St. Lawrence with exceeding vigilance, and France, who had frequently been compelled to provide with bread this her colony of agriculturists and hunters on a virgin soil, found it no easy matter to come this winter to her aid.

It was in such emergencies as these, however, that the official clique, who kept a tight grip on Canada, waxed fat. Bigot, who as Intendant had the handling of finances and supplies, was a very prince of Corruptionists, though possessing some good qualities and considerable ability. He had, moreover, raised from obscurity and gathered around him a gang of underlings

who had even less breeding and fewer good qualities than himself, were little behind him in wits, and more than his equal in unscrupulousness. That strange medley, the so-called *noblesse* of Canada, were very easily passed in the race for power by such adventurers. The regimental and staff officers from France represented another element who despised both classes, but in such banishment were inclined to pocket their prejudices and take such social comfort as was thrown in their way. Out of this mixed material a queer though lively society was evolved at Quebec and Montreal. In spite of French military aristocrats, local titles of nobility, and a haughty Church, official society seems to have been far more Bohemian, less socially exclusive, and much more scandalous than that of New York, Boston or Williamsburg. But if Canada was short in food and money, the new commander-in-chief, Montcalm, who now arrived with two fresh battalions, was a host in himself, and had a staff that was worthy

of him. Let us now, however, turn for a moment to Europe and see how the nations were grouping themselves for the fiercest struggle of the century, and also what manner of men were those who at this critical moment guided the destinies of England.

These last, indeed, were but an indifferent company, and the state of the country was anything but hopeful. Pitt was still, and destined to be for some time longer, without power. The dead weight of the ridiculous Newcastle, that "hoary jobber," clinging at all costs to office, poisoned the springs of English action in every field, and Pitt's eloquence found congenial and temporary employment in laying bare with withering satire the Premier's contemptible littleness. Through the whole of this winter and spring there were constant alarms of a French invasion. "I want," said Pitt, in a flash of prophetic inspiration, "to call this country out of a condition so enervated that twenty thousand men from France can shake it." But for the present he had to possess his soul in patience and expend his eloquence on the ill conduct of public affairs. The fleet, however, was numerous and well manned, though bewildered by enigmatic and conflicting orders which its captains interpreted according to the popular spirit rather than dally over conundrums; seizing French vessels, that is to say, wherever they could find them, and blockading Canada with considerable success. The French, whose policy was changing, at this moment of all others, from an American one of great conceptions to a European one that offered no prospect worth mentioning, were in no hurry to proclaim war with England. Their Government was anxious to accept, not to make, a declaration of hostilities. It professed horror and amazement at the depredations of British ships upon French commerce, and by way of emphasizing these protests released with much ostentation a British vessel that had been brought as a prize into a French port.

France had, in fact, been turned by

frivolous counsellors from her lofty transatlantic dreams to a mere conflict of passion and military glory. The leading object of her attack was now to be Frederick of Prussia, against whom that European coalition was forming which plunged the continent into the horrors of the Seven Years' War. What caused Frederick, with his five million subjects, his small and comparatively poor realm, and above all his formidable army, to be the object of such widespread enmity is sufficiently familiar. He had insulted two potent ladies of indifferent virtue, and robbed a third who was virtuous, but justifiably vengeful. This female trio represented France, Russia and Austria. With respect to the latter, Maria Theresa had a legitimate grievance and much reason in her wrath, for Frederick had robbed her of Silesia. The Russian Empress was stung to fury by his coarse jests at her somewhat notorious weakness for Grenadiers. As for Madame de Pompadour, she had not only been the subject of the Prussian king's continuous railery, but had been treated by him with personal contumely, and this lady governed both her royal lover and France. An alliance between these three great powers was preparing throughout the winter of 1755-56 and, with the addition of Sweden and Saxony, was cemented before the opening of summer, constituting, in the words of Pitt, "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind."

But France, with the certainty of a war with England, had done more than give up the substance of American empire for the shadow of European glory, if indeed glory there could be in a coalition representing ninety million souls against a single province representing five. For she was exposing her very existence in the New World to the gravest risk of complete extinction. To the French champions of the Canadian policy, to the brave men across the Atlantic who were so gallantly inaugurating it, and who divin-

ed, or thought they divined, a dazzling future, this turn of the political weathercock must have been bitter indeed; and the more so, seeing the comparative weakness which distinguished at this moment their great rival. That rival's fleet was strong, but her councils and her generals appeared to be contemptible, and her army had been let down to twenty thousand men. Nor could they, nor any one, know that England was in labour of a leader who was to shake the world to its uttermost limits.

Let us suppose there had been no Pompadour, and that a wholesome monarch, such as indeed was Louis XV himself in earlier life, aided by clear-sighted ministers, had been ruling France. Can there be a moment's doubt but that she would have turned to face with her whole strength her only real rival? If then she had lavished one-half—nay, one-quarter—of the blood and treasure in America that was idly squandered on European battlefields, who dare say in what colours the map of North America would now be painted? The mastery of the seas it is possible no effort on the part of France could have won, but with energy she could certainly have become strong enough to prevent anything like an effective blockade of so vast a line, and could have poured troops and supplies into Quebec, Louisbourg, or New Orleans in sufficient abundance for every practical purpose. Let us be permitted, too, to conceive our neighbours drawing an object-lesson from the prosperity of the British colonies which stared them in the face, and abandoning that religious bigotry which so hampered their own expansion. Let us suppose that France had chosen to do what some of her best Catholic soldiers had so often urged—ceased, that is to say, from treating her Huguenots as ravening wolves, and hounding them from all her borders to become a strength and comfort to her rivals, and given them instead

the toleration under their own flag that they had to seek for under others. Can there be any doubt that, in such an event, thousands of the most virile people in France would have sought the shores of French America, and would have aided and secured that expansion of dominion which was the one worthy dream of an ignoble epoch? A wise policy, too, could have beyond a doubt attracted to New France, and most certainly to an occupied Ohio Valley, those Catholics of other nationalities who, while they found bare toleration at the best in the British colonies, would have preferred a region where their creed was greeted with a warmer welcome.

But these are idle, if interesting, speculations. Destiny decreed otherwise, and it is not for Britons at any rate to quarrel with her scheme. France spurned the great opportunity of her national life, and, with a folly that to us now seems little short of madness, lavished her resources in attempting to dismember a small country whose defeat would merely serve to strengthen her already powerful allies.

The Pompadour, however, must by no means get the whole of the blame; for the French *noblesse*, who now swarmed like locusts about the Court and in the army, would probably have shown but slight enthusiasm for the rigours and inglorious hardships of an American campaign. They were ready at all times to fight and to die, but this was a generation to whom fine clothes, fine living, and an artificial atmosphere were necessities second only to their honour. If fight they must, they would have much preferred to die gloriously after a supper of champagne and truffles, and perhaps under the very eyes of their mistresses, in the trenches of a Flemish town, rather than perish, and their deeds with them, in the trackless forests of America.

So Canada was from henceforth left in a great measure to its own resources, and to such support as had been already sent there. The general war



MADAME DE POMPADOUR

"This lady governed both her Royal lover and France"

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOUCHER

in Europe did not break out till August, but in the spring France, turning from all thoughts of a descent on England, made a swoop upon Minorca, which for forty years had been a valued possession of the British. The stubborn defence of Blakeney with under 3,000

men against an immensely superior French force is not so familiar as the failure of Admiral Byng with the English fleet to relieve that gallant officer, and the story of his subsequent execution. The merits of this do not concern us here, but after such glaring

hostilities, not in the backwoods of America, but in the full sight of Europe, the farce of peace could no longer in decency be maintained, and war was formally declared against France upon May the eighteenth, 1756.

With all her ill-advised change of policy, France had not wholly neglected Canada. She had sent there one of her very best soldiers, who was to cover himself with glory before he perished in her ruin. For at the very moment when England declared war, Montcalm, with 1,200 men of the admirable regiments of La Sarre and Royal Rousillon, was slowly pushing his way up towards Quebec, through the drifting ice-floes of the St. Lawrence.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm-Gozon de Saint-Véran, was a native of the South of France, and proprietor of the hereditary but much-encumbered estate of Candiac, near Nîmes. He was now in his forty-fifth year. He had seen much service on European fields, had been twice severely wounded, and had distinguished himself much oftener. He was the best type of a French gentleman of the eighteenth century, and a type none too common at this particular epoch. Unlike most of his kind, when off duty, he was able to bear a rural life with something more than equanimity. He could exist contentedly outside the meretricious sunshine of Versailles, and was never indeed so happy as when settled at Candiac in the midst of his family, for both of which he cherished a most ardent affection.

In his soldierly way he was both cultured and religious; above all, he was brave, honest and patriotic. For such a man there was certainly not much profit to be looked for in a Canadian command—a matter to which Montcalm with ten children and an encumbered estate could not be indifferent. With equal certainty there was much hardship in prospect, and no great likelihood of a successful termination to the struggle. Montcalm's private letters, cheery though they

are, show how little he appreciated his long banishment from home and friends and country, and indicate pretty plainly how patriotic were his motives and how admirable his principles. With him went De Levis and De Bourlamaque as second and third in command, both excellent soldiers; while his aide-de-camp was Bougainville, the diarist of these campaigns, and the famous traveller of later years.

The Governor of Canada in the meantime, with all the typical vanity of that Canadian nationality he so greatly affected, would 'gladly have dispensed with professional assistance and himself conducted the military as well as the civil affairs of the colony. De Vaudreuil's hints to the home Government, however, as to the advantages of such an arrangement were thrown away, and he had to put the best face he could on the situation, which, to judge by Montcalm's letters, who as yet knew nothing of these heart-burnings, was a very good one. The general, to be sure, was nominally under the Governor's orders; but it is not difficult to estimate what force these would have in the stress of a fight for existence. A civilian, it will be remembered, was also in command of the British American forces at this moment. But there, on the contrary, it was by no means certain the coming change was for the better. Shirley was not a heaven-born general, but there were many people of good judgment who thought that he was at any rate better than his immediate successors. He had sense, energy, and some gift for procuring and adopting the best advice; he also knew the country and the people. His recent failure against Niagara was entirely venial; but he was loudly blamed later on for not having properly victualled the garrison he had left to winter at Oswego. The omission had caused great sickness and suffering. The sentries, so credible witnesses declared, were so weak from want of food that they had to go on duty with a stick to keep themselves from falling, while the mortality was considerable. The rumours

of Shirley's supercession which were rife throughout the winter, were officially confirmed in February. He put aside, however, the mortification which vexed his soul most deeply, and worked with zeal and honesty in preparations for the coming season.

It is hardly necessary to remark that campaigning on any serious scale was out of the question in the Northern colonies till the woods and lakes had been loosed from their wintry burden by the warm winds of April, and wholly freed from it by the suns of May. Even armies in Europe at that day went into winter quarters, and suspended operations by a sort of unwritten agreement, as if war were in truth a game to be played under conventional rules. But the colonial forces, after leaving slender garrisons in a few isolated snow-bound outposts, not only went into winter quarters, but to their homes—each man to his farm, his office, or his shop. He ceased to be a soldier, and it rested entirely with himself whether he ever would be again. With the exception of a few permanent companies, the colonies had every year to form practically a fresh army, and that under difficulties which were very great, though in part of their own making. That troops would be required, and in greater numbers than ever before, for the season of 1756, was now very evident. New England, the chief source of supply, had been much discouraged, partly by the military failures of the preceding year and partly by the large debt its outlay had accumulated. Though full of zeal in her stolid, undemonstrative fashion, it was with profound satisfaction that, as an eminently business-like people, she heard of the substantial sum of £115,000 voted her by the British Parliament for past expenses, and, greatly cheered, girded up her loins for a renewal of the contest.

Shirley was in a strange position. He had to plan the campaigns for the coming season and trust to their meeting with the approval of his successors, who seemed in no hurry to take up their responsibilities. There was

in truth no wide field of choice. The two nations, as I have before remarked, could only strike each other by land in serious fashion on the two lines* with which my readers are, I trust, now familiar. Oswego the extremity of the western route, and no longer a mere base for an attack on Niagara, called loudly for support, and was, in fact, in imminent danger. On the northern route the French held Crown Point and Ticonderoga, being thus omnipotent on Lake Champlain, while the British, forty miles to the southward, had their outposts at the head of Lake George. It was the obvious object of each to drive the other back—the one on Albany, with a possibility of capturing it, the other on Montreal, with about the same prospect of success. The French, however, of the two, would be more strictly on the defensive. Whatever their hopes of Western dominion, they had no serious thoughts of doing more than temporary damage to the old British colonies; while the English, in view of their numerical superiority, could fairly regard the conquest of Canada as a possibility. A second expedition to Duquesne was, of course, an inevitable move, both to avenge Braddock and to destroy the hornets' nest that was ravaging the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. But without the help of these two provinces the venture was impossible; and, as we have seen, they were scarcely able at this moment to protect themselves.

The Earl of Loudon had been appointed to succeed Shirley, but he did not arrive till August, and in the interval General Abercrombie, with Colonel Webb as second in command, acted as substitute. These two officers landed in June, and, with their tardy chief, constituted perhaps the most indifferent trio that were ever inflicted at one blow upon a British army. Poor Shirley got little thanks either from his

*The route to Fort Duquesne, or the third line of attack, was, of course, the very reverse of a natural artery, and only necessitated by temporary conditions.

successors or the home Government for his faithful and unquestionably useful services. He had, moreover, lost two sons in the recent campaigns.

It was always a cumbersome business getting the New England troops into the field, not on account of lack of

strictly limited the sphere on which their troops were to act. Their method of raising an army, after the legislature had voted the money, was in the first instance to call for volunteers. If this did not produce the fully required result, the colonels of militia were in-



LOUIS JOSEPH, MARQUIS DE MONTCALM-GOZON

"He was the best type of a French gentleman of the eighteenth century"

zeal, but of the jealousies which would not tolerate any central system of organization. Each colony insisted on retaining in its own hands the transport and maintenance of its forces, and each watched its neighbours narrowly, lest their burden of labour and war contribution should be proportionately less than its own. Usually, too, they

strusted to muster their regiments, and draft out of them the number of men still needed. Most brought their own firearms, those who did not were supplied with them, in addition to hats, uniforms of blue cloth, knapsacks, powder horns and canteens. This year each man received a bounty of six dollars on enlistment, and, as a private,

twenty-six shillings a month as pay. In addition to their rations, a gill of rum was served out daily; while, if they misbehaved themselves, republicans in habit of life though they were, handcuffs and the wooden horse, and even the whipping post were the manner of their punishment. This division of authority caused much confusion and no little ill temper among the heads of the army. "I wish to God," wrote Loudon to Winslow, "you could make your people go all one way;" while a poor commissary of provincial troops complains that all the thanks he gets for his endeavours to supply them is to be called a d—d rascal.

Albany and the neighbouring banks of the Hudson formed now, as ever, the point of concentration for all the Northern forces, both those destined for Lake George and those intended for Oswego. The first were to be nearly all New England troops, and by slow degrees some seven thousand men were gathered in two large camps, or near them—the one at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, the scene of Dieskau's repulse; the other at Fort Edward, fourteen miles nearer Albany, on the Hudson. The first was commanded by our old friend Winslow, the provincial officer of Acadian celebrity now ranking as a general; the second under that still more capable New England colonel, Lyman, who, it may be remembered, supported Johnson at the same place in the previous year. Here the troops waited for Loudon, and suffered all the evils and discomforts inevitable to a mob of amateur soldiers, indifferently provided for and left for a prolonged period of comparative inactivity in a wilderness. Of occupation of sorts there was enough in strengthening the fortifications, clearing the forest around them, improving the fourteen miles of road over the *portage*, and building the large fleet of whale-boats and batteaux which would be required for conveying the army down the lake to Ticonderoga.

The fighting was confined on both sides to small scouting and scalping

parties, who vied with each other in deeds of daring and endurance, and supped their fill of the horrors of Indian warfare, and *la petite guerre*. The bulk of the troops, ignorant of the first principles of camp sanitation, sickened by thousands, and died literally by hundreds, in a region of itself notoriously healthy. Their officers, in the absence of more stirring work, found all too much time for airing those jealousies inevitable to an ill-disciplined force composed of the soldiers of four or five different governments. The godly chaplains of New England, who had accompanied their flocks to the field, bewailed their backslidings when freed from the eye of the village minister and the village deacon. Their rousing sermons were often but ill attended, and not at all, they complain, by the senior officers, who drank punch and smoked in their tents, not only during the hours of divine service, but actually in sight of the open-air congregation. The rank and file, if they could not escape the preacher's regular exhortations, took to cursing and swearing as kindly as if they had been born in Wapping, or had served in Flanders!

When, in August, Loudon at length reached Albany, he found himself seriously embarrassed by one of those amazing blunders to which British Governments, in dealing with colonials, have in former days been so prone, and perhaps are not yet wholly cured of.

A special order had come out from England that no provincial officer, under any circumstances, should rank higher than a senior captain of regulars. In other words, a British major of one-and-twenty, who had never seen a shot fired—and there were plenty such in the army of that day—would take precedence in the field of a provincial brigadier or colonel of veterans like Winslow and Lyman, for instance; of Johnson, Bradstreet, or George Washington! The colonial officers were ablaze with indignation, as well they may have been. Loudon, who was

himself a wooden kind of man, and had certainly no tenderness for provincials, was greatly exasperated. There was no question of rescinding the order, no hope of compromise, nor authority to grant it. The officers of New England regiments threatened to go home in a body. Loudon appealed to Winslow, who was a broad-minded, sensible man, to use his influence, and he brought his people to see that there was nothing for it at present but to swallow the uncalled-for and ill-timed slight. Fortunately, no movements of importance took place to test the strain; but the sore rankled. British officers of that day were only too prone, by their supercilious attitude, to wound the susceptibilities of their colonial brothers in arms. It is, of course, only the old story of the professional and the volunteer added to that of the Briton and the colonial, which no one who has lived in British colonies would require to have elaborated. This sore feeling was a conspicuous feature of the war. It is well known to have been one of the irritants that prepared the soil for the Revolution. One would be inclined to think that it was peculiarly an English failing; but, as a matter of fact, something very like it prevailed in Montcalm's army. But this special order was another thing altogether. It was not a mere question of tact or manners, but a blunder of the worst kind.

It was issued at a critical moment in face of the enemy, and would have delayed, if not hampered, Loudon's attack; but Loudon would in no case probably have now attacked. Nearly six thousand French were at Ticonderoga, at the near end of Lake Champlain, strongly entrenched. Twice their number could not have moved them, and Loudon, though by the close of summer he had 10,000 men under his command, including the sick and the 35th regiment (Otway's), which had just come out, 900 strong, considered that the effort was hopeless. Rumours of a French attack from time to time came drifting up the long, narrow waters of Lake George; but the French

strong for defence, could no more attack Loudon than he could attack them. Thus the summer passed away in costly inactivity, and when the ice spread once more over lake and stream, when the green mountains of Vermont were no longer green, and the Adirondacks showed a snowy carpet beneath their naked woodlands, French and English were both more firmly lodged than in the previous year, but neither were one whit more forward.

Loudon was a melancholy and irascible man. He was in no sense fitted for his position, but he can hardly be held responsible for the barrenness of the season's campaigns on Lake George, unless, indeed, his late arrival in America may be held against him. He would have enough to answer for in the following year, though his blunders, unlike those of his brother generals, were to be those rather of omission than of misguided action.

In the early part of this year a royal commission had been sent out to Sir William Johnson, appointing him colonel, and sole superintendent of the Six Nation Indians and responsible to the Crown alone. Colonial dealings with these Indians, chiefly carried on by the Dutch traders of Albany and New York, had worked incalculable mischief. The French were striving more vigorously than ever, by bribes and threats, to win over the Six Nations, and the latter, growing more disheartened as English prestige declined, were now in a dangerous state of hesitation. Matters were indeed so serious that Johnson made a perilous journey through forests, alive with French and Indian freebooters, to the Six Nation capital at Onondaga, and after a fortnight of that sensational diplomacy he understood so well, he had secured, at any rate, their neutrality. He raised his voice, too, further afield, and tried to stem the raiding hordes of Delawares and Shewanoes, who were still desolating the frontiers of the middle colonies. Some of these actually came at his summons all the

way to Fort Johnson, where, amid great ceremonies, much din of war-cries and riotous dancing, and floods of rum, he exacted promises from them which possibly a few kept. But these nations, save those small, broken bands which had already joined the French, were secured to neutrality, and this, from their midway situation between the rival armies, was a point of immeasurable importance.

While nothing of moment was achieved this season by either side at the principal seat of war, a disaster befell the British arms to the westward, as great as that of Braddock's defeat in the preceding year. This was the fall and destruction of Oswego, whose garrison has been already alluded to as weak in numbers and half starved.

The route thither from Albany was guarded at certain spots by rude forts. One of these had been attacked and destroyed by a flying column of French and Indians in the dead of winter. Shirley, conscious of Oswego's weakness, but short of troops, had in the early spring struck out a new departure and engaged two thousand boatmen and whaling hands from the coast, to carry supplies to the Ontario fort, arming them with guns and tomahawks. Bradstreet, another colonial

colonel of sense, zeal and daring, and some military experience, was placed in command. The outward journey, up the Mohawk and its feeders, with a *portage* across the watershed, and thence down into Oneida Lake and the Oswego River, was achieved without opposition. On the return journey, however, Bradstreet, whose force was in three divisions, was stoutly attacked about nine miles up from Oswego by

seven hundred of the enemy. After a smart encounter in and around the bed of the Oswego River, his boatmen drove the French back, with a loss of about fifty on either side. This, however, was but an incident barren of any results but the actual lives lost. The French had intended to strike Bradstreet laden with supplies on the way up; but he had been too quick for them; indeed, this officer had an excellent hab-



BOUGAINVILLE

Montcalm's Aide-de-camp.

FROM BONNECHOSE'S MONTCALM, 5TH EDITION

it of being too nimble, both in attack and defence, even for his nimble foe. There were few of his compatriots, British or colonial, at this time of whom such could be said.

Almost before he was missed, Montcalm had slipped away from Ticonderoga and arrived with a powerful force in front of the dismayed invalids and feeble, ill-protected garrison of Oswego. De Vaudreuil and Montcalm did not often agree in a plan of campaign; but they were in full accord as

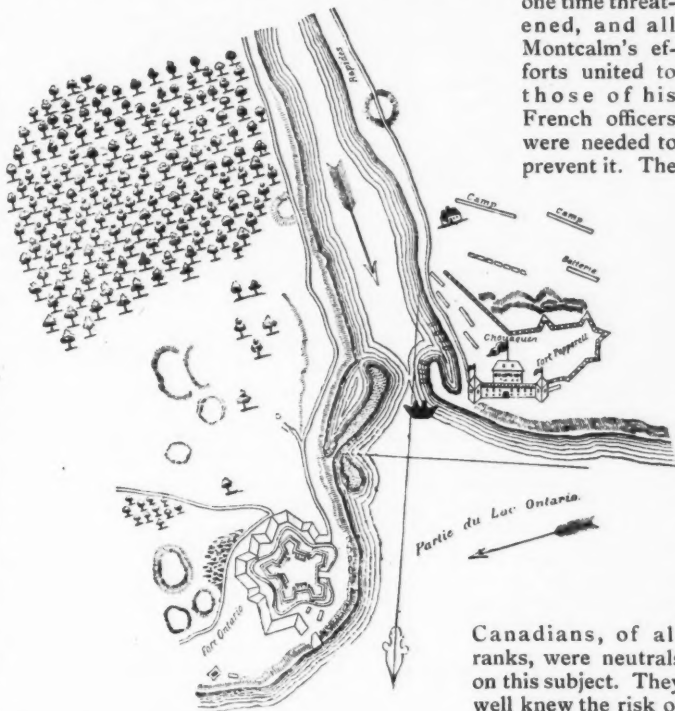
to this one. De Villiers, who had led the attack on Bradstreet, was still within reach, so was Rigaud, the Governor's brother, who had gone westward with more men. It was early in August when Montcalm, leaving De Levis in command at Ticonderoga, started at full speed for Fort Frontenac, reaching there in a week. Frontenac lay just across the lake from Oswego, and about sixty miles distant. The regiments of La Sarre and Guienne had in the meantime been forwarded there from Montreal, and that of Béarn fetched up from Niagara. Besides these, Montcalm had with him Canadians, colony regulars, and Indians, amounting in all to about three thousand men, with a strong train of artillery, including some of Braddock's captured guns. Oswego, a considerable trading-station, with houses, storing sheds and forts, a mere gash in the interminable forests that in those days brooded over the now populous and busy shores of Lake Ontario, was entirely unconscious of its impending fate. It possessed two very inferior forts standing upon either side of the mouth of the Oswego River, and a third one behind, which is described as merely an improved cattle pen, derisively christened as "Fort Rascal." None of them, however, were fit to stand cannon shot. Mackellar, the chief British engineer in America, had condemned the place entirely. Why nothing had been done to strengthen it is not explained.

Colonel Mercer, an excellent and brave officer, had been left, it will be remembered, in command, and had with him about a thousand soldiers of sorts and eight small guns. There were also some six hundred non-combatants, including a hundred and twenty women and children. The soldiers were chiefly of Pepperell's regiment (51st) and New Jersey militia, and were in great part recruits or invalids. Montcalm crossed the extreme eastern end of Lake Ontario on the nights of the fourth and fifth, by divisions. On the eighth all his force was collected on the southern shore.

Thence it took them about thirty hours, part of the army marching through the woods, part skirting the shore in batteaux, to reach a point within a mile of Oswego. It was not till the French were all gathered here on the shore, with guns ready for action, that the garrison knew any movement was impending, so bad was their scouting. Montcalm's chief engineer went forward to report, accompanied by clouds of Canadian and Indian sharpshooters, who accidentally shot him, though not till he had pronounced the forts to be untenable. Montcalm then set about cutting his entrenchments, knowing full well that he had the place in the hollow of his hand. The garrison fired their light guns at his working parties, but with little effect. The French were upon the east bank of the river, and Fort Ontario, which protected that side, was laid out in the shape of a star, and built of tree trunks flattened on both sides and placed upright in the ground—an excellent defence against musketry, but none whatever against cannon. Three hundred and seventy men of Pepperell's regiment were inside it, but Mercer, who was in the fort west of the river, signalled to them to evacuate it and cross to his side. This move was effected without interruption. In the night Montcalm had thirty guns mounted on the river bank within five hundred yards of Mercer's fort. This was only protected against the south and west, the river side being entirely open. The gap was filled by pork-barrels for want of something better, and Mercer, thus equipped, prepared for the attack by opening the hottest fire he was capable of upon the French. Some execution was done; but when the heavy cannon of the enemy, hurling grape and round shot through the flimsy defences, got seriously to work, the hopelessness of the defence became very evident, though Mercer behaved with great bravery. Montcalm now decided to attack the further side of the station, which was weakly entrenched, with infantry. There was a ford over the Oswego River two miles

up, and a large force of Canadians and Indians crossed it and swarmed around the ramparts, pouring in a heavy fire from the shelter of the woods. Mercer was at this moment killed by a round shot, and with his fall the heart went out of the garrison. Their case was indeed hopeless; the non-combatants clamoured loudly for surrender, and the shrieks of the terrified women as the grape-shot from Montcalm's guns shivered the wooden buildings and defences in all directions, emphasized the demand. The frightful yells of the Indians, too, outside the walls was significant of the ghastly terrors of an assault. A council of war was called, and it was decided to capitulate. The surrender was practically unconditional. One thousand six hundred and forty prisoners were taken in all, most of whom were forwarded to Canada. Six vessels carrying fifty-two guns fell into Montcalm's hands, with two hundred barges, a hundred and thirteen cannon and mortars, with large supplies of ammuni-

tion, pork, flour, spirits, silver, and £18,000 in cash. Five standards were captured and hung as trophies upon the walls of Montreal Cathedral. The usual difficulty was experienced in restraining the Indians from taking what seemed to them their natural toll of blood, plunder and scalps—above all, when liquor was plentiful, as it was on this occasion. A bloody scene at one time threatened, and all Montcalm's efforts united to those of his French officers were needed to prevent it. The



MAP OF OSWEGO

Montcalm landed on the east side of the river, about a mile from the Forts, and marched through the woods. The British abandoned Fort Ontario without a struggle. Montcalm then attacked the other Forts and soon reduced them. He captured 1,640 prisoners.

Canadians, of all ranks, were neutrals on this subject. They well knew the risk of losing their allies if they thwarted them in the matter, and had themselves grown callous to its horrors, regarding the murdering, scalping and torturing of prisoners

at the hands of the savages with considerable equanimity. There is some little discrepancy in the accounts of what happened at the fall of Oswego. It seems probable, however, that only prisoners who tried to escape through

the woods were tomahawked—a fate which they courted with their eyes open. Montcalm, however, reports that it cost him a good deal of money to redeem prisoners from the Indians. The casualties on either side in the siege were inconsiderable; but the loss of a station so vital to the British was extremely serious.

Montcalm now took steps to wipe Oswego off the face of the earth. He destroyed all the vessels and stores he could not carry away, and levelled the buildings and fortifications with the ground. Among the ruins and ashes his senior priest, Piquet, planted a tall cross bearing the inscription, *In hoc signo vincunt*. From a pole near by were hung the arms of France, engraven with the words *Manibus dat lilia plenis*. The spot was then abandoned to the wolves, and Montcalm, with his army, his prisoners, and his booty, sailed away eastward.

Webb had all this time been toiling up the Mohawk from Albany, and was rather more than half-way through when the news reached him that Oswego had fallen. As he appears to have only had with him that remnant of the 44th regiment which had survived Braddock's defeat of the previous year, it is perhaps just as well that he did not make a present of another three or four hundred prisoners to Montcalm. It was hardly Webb's fault that his support was so tardy as well as weak, but when scouts brought him news of the capitulation, he justified in his person and by his action the soreness that was felt at the wholesale snubbing of provincial officers. Fresh rumours asserted that Montcalm was coming down the western route to Albany with six thousand men. Webb was panic-stricken. He did not pause to ascertain whether the rumours were true or whether Montcalm could get such a force through such a route; but he acted as if the whole French army were upon him. He burnt two forts that had lately been erected at consid-

erable trouble, and he filled the channel of Wood Ceeek* with fallen timber, of which it had recently and at great labour been cleared for purposes of navigation. He then hurried back to the German flats upon the Mohawk, and sat down to realize in due course that his performance was one that no militia subaltern of average wits would have committed. It was a conspicuous instance of the fatal errors into which a trained officer of only moderate capacity may fall through sheer ignorance of a country, its people, its geography, and its mode of warfare, when coupled with a proper contempt for local advice.

The destruction of Oswego was in some ways more disastrous, though less dramatic, than Braddock's defeat, and another wave of shame and sorrow swept over the British colonies. Niagara was now secure against all attack. Worse still, British influence had been swept from the shores of Ontario, which was once again a French lake. Worse than all, perhaps, another deadly blow was struck at what was left of British prestige. Save in the New England provinces, there was no spark of military vigour. No answering challenge to the audacity of the French came from the Middle and Southern colonies; the minimum of necessary protection seems to have been the limit of their ardour. The small bodies of mercenaries or militia they sent into the field, and the handful of individuals from the prosperous classes that showed what we should now call a proper spirit, only seem to accentuate the lethargy. It was quite evident that if Great Britain was to maintain her position in America she must make the effort herself, and as yet she seemed to be in no good condition for such enterprises. France, on the other hand, seemed surely blind to her good fortune. The moment was hers in America; but she was turning her back on it, and gathering her strength and treasure to waste in that bloody orgie which was soon to engulf continental Europe.

*Not of course the Wood Creek near Lake George.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ

By KNOX MAGEE



HE records of lives of wide experience, of unusual and varied incident, constitute not only the most entertaining, but the most instructive part of our literature. Among such records of such lives none that has appeared in recent years surpasses in interest or instruction the volume now under examination.

From the time of his birth, which occurred in 1825, till his death, one year ago in January last, M. de Blowitz was a child of fortune, or, as he prefers to call it, Fate. No hero of Romance was more befriended of the Gods than he, no character of modern fiction meets with less conventional experiences.

Even his childhood was romantic. At the age of six he was kidnapped by gypsies in his father's park, but Fate stepped in, misdirected his captors and so permitted the rescue party to overtake them. When fifteen years old he was sent, in the company of his tutor, on five years of travels through Austria, Russia, Italy and Switzerland. His descriptions of the ignorance, superstition and tyranny that flourished in Central Europe at that time read like a chapter from "The Cloister and the Hearth," or some other romance of the Middle Ages. The period during which it had been decreed that he should travel having ended, he returned home, but only to discover that, during his absence, his father's entire fortune had been lost and that he must in future work for his living. Adapting himself to his changed circumstances in a manner that was characteristic of him throughout his whole life, he set out the very next day for America. But Fate had him well in hand. At Angers, on his way to Havre, where he intended to take ship, he broke his pipe, and on entering a shop to have it fixed he met an old friend of the family who persuaded him to abandon his

plans and to accompany him to Paris.

The monarchy of Louis Philippe had just been overthrown; Paris was in a fever of political excitement; reputations were being made and unmade in a day; here was the opportunity for a young man; all thoughts of America were banished from the mind of de Blowitz; the crowds of Paris fascinated him—in Paris he would remain.

For the present, however, his hopes were doomed to disappointment. In Paris he found no employment—and his funds were low. Through the influence of his friends he secured an appointment under the Government, but not in the city of his choice. He was given the professorship of foreign languages in the college of Angers, from which place he was soon moved to the University of Marseilles. In that city he remained for many years; in that city he married—and in that city he made his first "beat" in journalism. This last event happened in 1869, when, by imparting to the editor of a newspaper information concerning the Government's secret support of M. de Lesseps as a candidate for election as deputy for Marseilles, he brought about the defeat of de Lesseps and raised such a storm that he was forced to leave the city. Indeed it was only through his friendship with M. Thiers that he escaped expulsion from France.

His second "beat" was one that called for ingenuity and daring such as even de Blowitz seldom found necessary when engaged in his journalistic enterprises of later days. It was when the Commune was carrying on its reign of terror in the south of France that the man who was to outwit Bismarck and the whole Berlin Congress tapped the telegraph wires at Marseilles, informed the Government of the true state of affairs and so enabled M. Thiers to crush the Anarchists almost before they were aware that they had been betrayed. As a reward for this service

M. Thiers offered the future journalist a consulate, but at that time he made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Laurance Oliphant, then the Paris correspondent of the *Times*—and the real career of the greatest of newspaper correspondents began slowly to unfold.

Mr. Hardman, Oliphant's assistant, happened to be absent from Paris; de Blowitz was offered the position of temporary assistant; he accepted—and soon afterwards was permanently engaged.

From the first the relations between Mr. Oliphant and his new colleague were most happy. Indeed, in all his references to his immediate superior de Blowitz was offered one a picture of a gentleman possessing culture, tact and urbanity in such a degree as to make disagreeable relations with him almost impossible. When Mr. Oliphant resigned, however, and Mr. Hardman was appointed in his place, friction at once arose. Hardman was proud, haughty, aggressive and intensely jealous. He made the life of his subordinate unendurable. But at the moment when the situation had become most acute, and de Blowitz was about to resign, Hardman suddenly fell ill and died.

This left de Blowitz next in the direct line of succession for the senior correspondentship. He had served under two superiors, rendered remarkable service, performed almost the entire work—and yet three months were permitted to pass without an appointment being made, and during all this time the name of almost every other prominent journalist was mentioned as being that of one likely to fill the vacancy. Again he was on the point of resigning, but once more Fate interferred and prevented his unwise act.

On the 31st of December, 1874, the Prince of Asturias was proclaimed King of Spain, as Alphonso XII, at Madrid. In the afternoon of that day the news of the *pronunciamento* reached Paris. Blowitz was confined to his bed with a fever, but when he read the brief despatch that informed the world of the great *coup*, he forgot his sick-

ness, ordered his carriage and hastened to the Spanish Embassy, there to obtain either confirmation or refutation of the report. But the Spanish Ambassador was no friend to Alphonso. He ridiculed the news, assured de Blowitz that the attempted revolution had been quickly suppressed and that there was not the slightest possibility of any further trouble from those foolish persons—a mere handful of misguided soldiers—who hoped to re-establish the monarchy. The story sounded reasonable, but de Blowitz was not the man to be easily deceived by an unscrupulous diplomatist. He felt convinced that what the Ambassador said was false in its entirety, but he had no proof. The Prince of Asturias then lived in exile in Paris. In him lay the correspondent's only hope of obtaining reliable information—but to the Prince he was a total stranger. On his way home from the Embassy he drove past the residence of the new King. The gates were all locked, police guarded the house, and the street was almost blocked by the crowd of reporters and sightseers who clamoured for news. To gain admittance seemed impossible. Blowitz drove home in despair. Once more in his house, however, he remembered his acquaintance with a Spanish nobleman—the Count de Banuelos—who then resided in Paris. To the house of this gentleman he at once repaired; caught him just as he was starting out to accompany his daughters to a ball; persuaded the Count to gain for him admission to the King's presence; accomplished his purpose; had an hour's interview with his Majesty and, though it was one o'clock when he reached the telegraph office, had a two-column "beat" in the next morning's *Times*! One month later he was permanently appointed to the position of senior Parisian correspondent of the greatest of all daily journals.

From this time forward his career was an uninterrupted series of adventures and successes. Almost all of his non-professional experiences of note were with women, to whom he frequently

played the part of father confessor and general adviser. The chapter entitled "Alva" is, perhaps, the most remarkable account of a real romance that one will discover in contemporary biography. In this chapter M. de Blowitz describes the manner in which he rescued the illegitimate daughter of an unfortunate European princess from the contemptible persecution that she suffered at the hands of the Government of her country. The conduct of the gallant old gentleman on this occasion, when he not only sacrificed his time, but risked his fortune and his reputation in the service of a lady who was to him almost a stranger, demands a tribute from the reader that amounts almost to affection. Two other chapters, "The Revenge of Venus" and "A Life Struggle," are scarcely less fascinating and no less remarkable. Both would readily pass as fiction of a high order.

To the journalist, the description of how the *Times* was enabled to publish the entire text of the famous Berlin Treaty, in advance of any other paper, and before the official announcement was made, will be the most instructive part of the book. To the student of politics, the account of the five hours' interview with Bismarck, the explana-

tion of why France did not accompany England to Egypt, de Blowitz's successful efforts to prevent a second Franco-Prussian war, and his unsuccessful attempt to arrange a conference between Bismarck and Gambetta will appeal most strongly. The story of the death struggle of the Emperor Frederick III is by far the most dramatic and pathetic chapter in the book. The conduct of the present German Emperor on that occasion was such as inspires indignation and contempt. Blowitz's long interview with the Sultan is of special interest at the present time, when Turkey occupies so much of the public attention. From this chapter one gets a picture of the autocrat quite different from that which one usually obtains from reading sensational press despatches. Indeed, in a book that is remarkable in so many ways, possibly the most remarkable parts are those that give us pen portraits of the important personages with whom the correspondent came in contact. But it is dangerous to particularize, for the volume is so full of interest and so delightfully written that, did one start to pick out the chapter that is most valuable or enjoyable, one would end by declaring: "Ah! I have it!—It is the whole book!"

THE FURNISHING OF PAT MAGUIRE

By WINNIFRED BOGGS

BY a certain Irish hamlet on the Atlantic there are cliffs that rise sheer from the sea; far down, the black waters seethe and bubble as they dash into grim dark caverns, rushing past out-jutting crags with a whirling roar of foam, breaking with a deep crashing boom against the impenetrable sides of the gloomy cliffs, which, in their cold, stern grandeur, seem to

gaze at the impotent fury of the waters in calm, measureless contempt. Here, on the top of these northern Irish cliffs, Biddy M'Shane stood motionless one night, watching for signs of life to pass into the field track which led zig-zag to where she waited.

The night grew later; the wind died down; the moon, coming out of a small rift in the sky, turned the great gleam of the waters into iridescent pathways

of silver, but still the girl's eyes turned westward. There was a great stillness lying over all the land, so deep, so quiet, that Nature and all things, living seemed at rest; the spirit of silence seemed brooding in the air, save when, now and then, the dark sails of a fishing smack came, like dreams, drifting through a silver sea away to the Isles of Sleep.

Presently a welcome sound struck upon the girl's strained ear—the sound of merry-makers as they came home rejoicing with song and shout from Kilbahharak Fair. Up the winding path streamed a group of men, with here or there a woman in their midst, wives or mothers, and Biddy M'Shane leaned eagerly forward to scan the faces of the advancing figures as the moon revealed them one by one to her.

Then she drew back with bitter disappointment—the face she looked for was not there. She shrank into the shadows, hoping to remain unobserved while the roysterers passed. The first few noticed nothing, but the second lot, composed chiefly of women, were less easily deceived; one of their number sprang forward and caught the girl by the arm.

"Why, shure an' it's Biddy M'Shane, no less," she exclaimed shrilly, then letting her go, with a loud laugh, "Is it waitin' for the fairin' ye be?"

"Let me be, Kate Flanagan," cried the girl angrily, darting down the path out of reach.

With a laugh and a jest the fairers passed on, and as their voices died away in the distance, silence reigned once more.

The girl resumed her old station, and presently a man's solitary figure made her heart beat high with anticipation; then as the moon shone on fair, not dark, hair, and a man of large instead of small stature, her hopes fell again, and she stood sullen and resentful awaiting his approach.

"Why, Biddy, can it be yezself?" cried the man amazed, as catching sight of her watching figure he sprang lightly to her side; "'tis little I hoped

to see ye this night," and he came closer, looking eagerly into her eyes.

She returned his gaze with indifference. "'Tis not for ye I be waitin', Pat Maguire," she replied, turning away. The young man's face fell.

"Arrah, now, Biddy, 'tis teasin' ye be," he said anxiously; "wait till I tell ye what I bought at the fair."

She looked up with a faint glint of curiosity.

"'Tis nothin' to me, thin," she said, tossing her head, adding in the same breath, "Ye can tell me if ye like."

"Well thin, an illigant rockin'-chair an' no less," with triumph.

"Ye niver did," incredulously.

"It's thruth," he replied. "An' that's not all, either," fumbling in his pockets as he spoke. "See here, Biddy, allannah."

Something flashed in the moonlight, and Biddy gave an exclamation of amazement as a little paste butterfly brooch was dropped into her hand.

Never had she seen anything so beautiful before; she gazed at it with dilated eyes and parted lips.

"Rale Irish dimons the sellar tould me," said Pat Maguire, proudly bending his fair thatch of hair low over the girl's palm, and taking jewel and all into his own brown fingers. "It'll look lovely in yez shawl on Sundays," he murmured admiringly; "shure an' it'll be breakin' the hearts of all the other colleens ye'll be, with yez beautiful face and rale Irish dimons."

The girl hesitated; then she turned away from the glittering bauble.

"I cannot take it, Pat Maguire," she said in a low voice; "keep it for yez swateheart."

"But it's yezself that I want for me swateheart," began the tall young Irishman blankly.

"Haven't I tould ye now," reproachfully, "that I'd never take ye for me bhoy?"

"Och, Biddy, don't," cried Pat in a sharp pained voice, "shure it's the light of my eyes ye are, the—"

The girl pushed him away with no gentle hand. "Git away ye great nuisance," she cried, with an angry

sob, "it's no peace I have wid ye at all, at all. Ye know what I am waitin' here for, and niver a word of him, good or bad. Where is Harry Bagh?"

"I might have known," whispered Pat bitterly; "always that wastral, that—"

She turned on him like a wild cat. "Ye shall not say a word against him," she replied fiercely. "Where is he, thin—where did ye lave him?"

Old Adam was too strong for Pat Maguire; he told the crude truth when a little softening of the facts would have been more gracious.

"Dead dhrunk in the ditch comin' along," he answered.

"Ye—ye coward, ye mane-spirited coward," cried Biddy, with flashing eyes, "lavin' the poor darlint to catch his death of cowlid in a damp ditch—for shame on ye, Pat Maguire, for shame. 'Tis no dacent Irish bhoy ye are, but a low, cruel, murthering thafe. Take that," and reaching on tiptoe, the young virago struck the big Irish lad a stinging blow on the right ear.

Pat caught the offending hand and held it tightly, shaking the girl gently.

"It's a damon ye are, for shure," he muttered admiringly, liking the girl none the less for her show of spirit. "It's locked up or married ye should be."

"And it's rather locked up for life I'd be than married to ye," was the reply.

For a few moments there was silence, then—

"Well, what do ye want me to do?" the young man asked unwillingly.

"Ye know what any dacent boy would do."

"Fetch him home?" sulkily.

"Yes."

Another pause, a longer one this time.

"Well, I'll do it," he said at length, in anything but cheerful tones, "if ye'll give me—" he paused, confused by the scathing light in the girl's eyes, "if—if ye'll keep the brooch, I mane, an' wear it on Sunday."

For answer, Biddy pinned the jewel in her bodice and pointed down the path.

"Now, thin, be quick wid ye," she said imperiously, "it's gettin' damp."

The young man turned away, murmuring savagely—

"I could be layin' in wather all night before ye'd moider yezsilf about me."

"The like of ye are big enough and ugly enough to look after yezselves," was the reply, "an' ye can stan' more dhrink than Harry Bagh."

"'Did, thin, if I took half—" began the young man, injured; but Biddy was already pushing him down the slope.

"It's slow as death ye are," she cried impatiently; "what are yez great long legs for?"

"I'm goin'."

An extra hard shove down the steep incline, and the angry Pat was indeed "goin'."

"Good-night, an' hurry now," called out Biddy before running home, and slipping into the small, full cabin without waking the slumberers within.

It is to be feared that Harry Bagh's passage home was a trifle uncomfortable, and that he would not have blessed Biddy for being the cause of the disturbance of his sweet slumbers in the ditch.

Biddy M'Shane was the prettiest girl in Limnagarry, a place where pretty girls were the rule rather than the exception. Needless to remark, she had numerous admirers, the most eligible, as well as the most persistent, being big Pat Maguire, a distant kinsman; the least eligible and most indifferent was the village Adonis, the black-haired, black-eyed, natty Harry Bagh.

Pat had a cottage of his own, and almost enough land to constitute a small farm, in the imagination of Biddy's mother. He lived entirely alone, yet his cottage was a model of neatness; it even boasted a few articles of real furniture, and besides the living room and kitchen combined, had two others.

It was the envy, the despair, the secret hope of all the unmarried women from fifteen to fifty.

While Harry Bagh—though his hair was a mass of purple-black curls, his black eyes fringed with dark, thick lashes, his teeth of dazzling whiteness, his merry mouth red and shapely with health and youth, and his small form the essence of dandified elegance—had nothing.

He had friends and sweethearts galore, spirits that nothing could damp, and a humorous view of life that infected even the most destitute; but of worldly wealth, not a sou.

He occupied in company with his parents, nine brothers and sisters, his grandmother, and an aunt, and the pig, a small, tumble-down cabin on the Limnagarry road just where it branched off into Blackberry Lane. It was, perhaps, the most picturesquely situated cabin in the whole country-side. A winding lane with high, wild hedges led to it; behind it rose the purple mountains of Donegal; beside it, to the right, lay the sea, with grassy slopes, one blaze of sea-pinks. Outside the most picturesque, and inside the dirtiest in all Donegal.

By trade Harry Bagh was, like his rival, a fisherman; young and old, for many miles round, all earned their living in this manner. To see Harry Bagh off to the shore, with his black eyes twinkling, the gleam of his teeth showing through his merry lips, his red fisher cap set jauntily on his thick, dark curls, was to behold a joyous sight that many a blue-eyed colleen waited to see.

To see him come back with his share of the spoil, whistling lightly as he sorted it out, his red cap farther back, his hair dashed with spray, while his dark, Spanish face glowed with the sea's brown health, was to see, if possible, an even more joyous sight. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of his happy-go-lucky way. He went to a fair whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen;" he came back after a night spent in the ditch or lock-up still whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen," a smile of

good-fellowship on his devil-may-care face.

Though by far the most worthless of all the young men about, and the one that cared least about Biddy, she, out of sheer perversity, set her fancy upon him. When she wanted anything, when she was in trouble, when there were grave matters to be settled, the honest, well-meaning, stalwart, but plain-featured Pat was the one she took counsel with.

Ever since he had been old enough to know what he wanted Pat had wanted Biddy, and Biddy alone; for him no other girl existed. Till Harry Bagh's conquering black eyes had glanced into hers, Pat's suit had prospered well enough, and he had worked hard early and late at his little patch, cultivating the ground and rearing pigs and poultry with well-merited success.

Owing to his industry he was at last able to buy a small boat and fishing-tackle, so that everything was clear, undivided profit; and he grew, in the eyes of the primitive Irish poor, almost a man of wealth.

It had become second nature to him to make fair his home for the time of Biddy's coming. He still toiled on doggedly hoping against hope, for he told himself, not always with conviction, that come she would in the end.

Early in the morning after Harry Bagh's arrival home he was on the beach as usual, none the worse for his little indiscretion. He strolled about from one girl to the other, exchanging jests and compliments, saying the same to Biddy as he said to all the girls with any pretensions to beauty, while Pat Maguire stood a little apart looking on with a jealous scowl, and perhaps expecting a word of praise from Biddy for carrying out her commands.

On her part she wondered why he did not come up and speak to her, and something akin to annoyance seized upon her spoiled whims when he went off with the boats without one word.

Harry Bagh waved a smiling good-

bye all round; Biddy could not flatter herself that it was intended more for her than the others. She knew and deplored his light, fickle nature, but went on coveting his love.

In the evening when the boats came home it was much the same; again Harry Bagh jested with all alike, while Pat Maguire, without a word, walked sourly home.

For a few days things went on in this very unsatisfactory manner. Biddy wore the brooch on Sunday, to the undying envy of all the other girls, but Pat never came to Mass, and when she took it off and put it away in an old tin box, angry tears marred the brightness of the jewel.

The next day Harry Bagh's mother, Mrs. O'Grady, waddled up to her with a wide, good-natured mouth, gabbling long before she was in ear-shot.

She came up panting and breathless, her hands pressed against her fat sides, "Arrah, thin, Biddy, me jewel, 'tis yezsilf I've been wantin' to see all this long, weary day," she began rapidly, "I've been insulted, that never was, wid that wastral Harry Bagh's fine young English miss."

"Who?" faltered Biddy.

"Haven't ye heard? Shure it's the bad, bould heart the boy has," lifting up her hands in mock horror, and trying hard to suppress unbecoming signs of pride. "Ye know that fine English lady's maid her ladyship brought down?"

"What has she got to do wid Harry Bagh?" asked Biddy uneasily.

"Shure 'tis his latest swateheart she is—no less, but wait till I tell ye. Harry Bagh was for bringin' her in to tay, so I put out the china, an' gave her the uncracked mug, so I did, too, the cratur. An' I dusted the seat of the chair, an' set boxes roun', an' a proud woman I was the day, Biddy M'Shane, wid the fine childer an' ducks an' hens, an' the sides of the pig hangin' up to dry, an' fresh eggs for me fine lady, an' rale bread an' butter, an' everything so genteel an' illigant."

She paused for breath, the girl waiting anxiously for her to continue.

Presently Mrs. O'Grady got started again. "Yes," she went on, "all so fine an' illigant, an' I waited for her in me grand new clothes I'd bought second-hand at the fair, an' where the body of me wouldn't meet, I wore Tim's Sunday waistcoat, an' it was a rale trate I was, me dear, though I says it as shouldn't. An' presently came Harry Bagh an' his English miss, and by St. Patrick, what do you think the cratur wore?"

"I can't think," breathlessly.

"A rale silk petticoat, no less," in awed accents.

Biddy's amaze and disgust were great enough even to please that lover of sensation, Mrs. O'Grady.

"It's thrue, an' that not all, for she lifted her skirts that high, when she come in, and there were silk stockin's an' shoes that small, with tremenjious heels, just like her ladyship's. An' she walked like this, turnin' up her long nose"—Mrs. O'Grady walked in an absurd imitation of her guest's manner, turning up her ridiculous little nose sky high—"an' when she saw the ducks—the darlints—in the cabin, she squealed and said, 'Oh, gracious, the hanimals have got into your 'ut—called it a 'ut.' An' was so ignorant she didn't know where the fowls lived. Thin, after I put tay in the taypot, she got up and held her fine hankerpiece to her face an' walked off wid Harry Bagh, saying she couldn't stand 'the low common Hirish.' Now," speechless with indignation, "what do you say to that?"

Biddy could have said a good deal, but more of Harry Bagh's fickleness than of his mother's injuries.

She walked home rather thoughtfully. She could not help contrasting Pat and Harry Bagh. On her way she paused, and looked wistfully at the former's well-kept potato patch, but no stalwart form was working there, and heaving a sigh she went on with dragging footsteps.

Halfway down the lane she met Pat Maguire, who turned and walked by her in silence.

"Have you lost yez tongue?" asked the girl pertly, at length.

"No, Biddy, but I've bought a tay-pot an' two china cups an' saucers widout a crack."

"Have ye now?" with affected indifference. "What would ye be wantin' wid two cups, Pat Maguire?"

"Biddy, ye—" he began:

"Well, good-night to ye, shure I see me mother lookin' for me," and before he was aware of her intention she had caught up to Mrs. M'Shane's small wrinkled form in front.

He had no choice save to turn and go home, dwelling on the hardness of his lady-love's heart.

A few days later, flushed and eager, he stood at the corner waiting to see her pass on her way to the well. No sooner had she appeared than he was by her side.

"Biddy," he cried breathlessly, "Biddy, I've bought a chest-o'-drawers."

The girl's great Irish eyes grew yet larger in amazement. "I don't believe ye," she cried disdainfully; "only the quality have chest-o'-drawers; what for would the likes of ye be buyin' one?"

"For me wife," boldly.

"Arrah, thin, I did not know ye was married at all, at all."

"Biddy," reproachfully, "ye know my manin'."

Biddy tossed her head. "I don't," she declared untruthfully.

"Come an' look at it, thin," he pleaded, "just one little peep, now."

The girl hesitated, and then turned resolutely away. "No, it's nothin' to me," she insisted, "an' I must be goin', Pat Maguire."

He stood looking after her retreating form in bitter disappointment.

"It's no good at all, at all," he thought wretchedly. Then the gloom lifted again as a vision of his green enamelled chest-o'-drawers rose before his eyes. "Shure it's a fine thing entirely," he muttered, "an' wait till I buy a cow."

The news that Pat Maguire had bought a "rale iligant" chest-o'-draw-

ers spread like wild fire through Limnagarry, and incredulous groups rushed up to the cottage to see the wonder with their own doubting eyes.

When they beheld it, one and all were speechless with envy and admiration, and went home scarcely believing the evidence of their own eyes. What would not every woman there have given to possess that wonderful piece of furniture for her very own? And to think that Biddy M'Shane might have it, and all the glories of the cottage, for the lifting up of her little finger.

"Shure 'tis a proud woman I am this day," said Mrs. M'Shane, with a gasp.

Biddy was not as indifferent as she pretended to the event of the year, and she hoped Pat would ask her again to view his purchase. When he should do so she had decided to give in gracefully after a show of resistance; however, as Pat, much to her mortification, did nothing of the kind, keeping, instead, strictly out of her way, and even leaving her to learn from others that he had added a cow to the establishment, such condescension was not asked from her.

By this time she had forgotten all about the fickle Harry Bagh, and was thoroughly in love with the stalwart young farmer, for so her mother insisted on speaking of him since the arrival of the cow.

The cow calved and there was a large litter of pigs, but still Pat went on his way regardless of Biddy's wistful, watching eyes, and one day when she heard he had added a small wooden dresser, with dishes and plates, and three jugs to place upon it, she felt she could bear his strange conduct no longer, and lingered in Blackberry Lane at twilight time, waiting to see him pass.

He paused as he came along and looked at her eagerly, then made as if he would pass on unheeding, but the girl's entreating face, raised to his, weakened his resolution. He stopped and grew suddenly very shy and tongue-tied, standing there big and

awkward, his heart full of the love he could not find words to express.

The golden light was just resting on the purple of the mountains, a soft haze of crimson lay behind them, cutting a fleecy cloud into flecks. The purple mountains, the gold and the crimson, and all the glories of the setting sun were reflected in the azure waters. The bees hummed lazily down the lane, their drowsy buzzing a lullaby; butterflies twinkled from flower to flower, fluttering up and down like tiny gorgeous blossoms, and the smell of earth and peat and all the summer of nature, came sweet and strong to the young couple standing side by side.

"It's a stranger ye are now entire-ly," said the girl at last, coyly.

Still Pat made no remark.

"How is the chest-o'-drawers?" asked Biddy, looking down.

His face brightened. "Ye should just see it," he cried enthusiastically. "Shure it's the light of the cottage, an' the iligant sideboard, an' plates, an' dishes, an' jugs an' all. Kate Gilligan came in yesterday, an' she said 'twould hould all a body's clothes," (he was referring to the chest-of-drawers), an' lave room for tay and sugar besides, an' she tried the rockin' chair an' said it was the most comfortable she'd ever seen."

Biddy looked at him with jealous, blazing eyes. "I wonder it didn't break wid the weight of the cratur—a great ugly elephant."

"It's as strong as nivir was; shure 'twould hold me an' another."

He looked at her shyly.

"An' her Sunday clothes in my—your chest-o'-drawers. As if a great ugly colleen like Kate wanted clothes at all!"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Pat, mildly shocked; "you wouldn't have a dacent body goin' about—"

"I'm not sure that she is a dacent body," retorted Biddy, tossing her head.

"For shame—"

"Well, thin," hotly, "is it dacent ye call it, to go to a bhoys' cottage an' thry his things, an' his rockin' chair, an'—an'—?" She broke off with a stifled sob.

The idea of that hateful thing trying to rob her of Pat's affection, and—his furniture. She sobbed wildly at the mere thought of it.

Pat stood opposite, trying to look into her eyes. "Why, Biddy, me jewel, what is it?" he asked tenderly, pulling her hands down from her face, "tell me now, darlint."

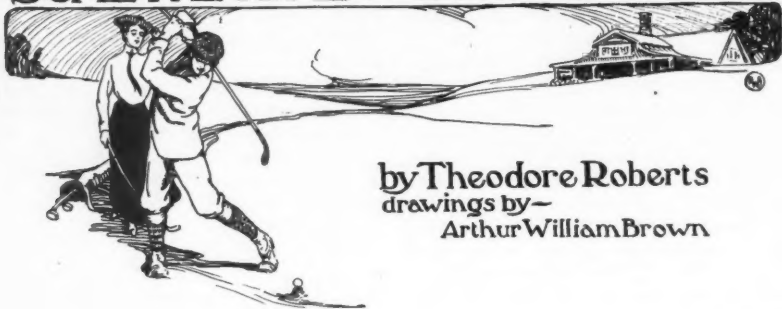
"I think it is a pity the chest-o'-drawers, an' the iligant sideboard, an' the rockin'-chair, an' the jugs, an' the dishes, should—go out of the family," she whispered, blushing.

Pat put his arms around her without more ado, and drew her wet face against his own radiant one. "Is it yezsilt that will be wantin' of thim, thin, darlint?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," cried the girl, her arms stealing round her lover's neck. "I do want that chest-o'-drawers mortal bad, but—I want ye more, Pat—darlint."



SOMETHING NEW IN GOLF BALLS



by Theodore Roberts
drawings by—
Arthur William Brown

SYDNEY STEVENSON looked in at the tobacconist's on his way to the golf course. With a pre-occupied air he purchased a package of his favourite cigarettes. He lit one of the cigarettes at the tiny flare overhanging the cigar-case. He was thinking of Miss O'Malley, who was to meet him at the gate leading into the links; and he wondered why she had anything at all to do with him if she really cared as little as her manner indicated. "I believe it is simply heartlessness," he told himself. His dun-coloured meditations were disturbed by the salesman behind the counter.

"We have procured the local agency for the new Royal Scotch High Flyer golf balls," remarked the youth. "Would you care to look at them, Mr. Stevenson?"

"Why, yes. Thanks very much," replied Stevenson, returning to a consciousness of his surroundings with a start that very nearly drove his elbow through the glass of the show-case.

The salesman took a cardboard box from the shelf behind him, and from it drew forth two or three tissue-paper-enveloped golf balls. He rolled them across the counter. One fell to the floor, and rebounded to the height of the counter. Stevenson caught it neatly, and examined it with interest. "Not much trouble to clear a bunker with a ball like that," he remarked.

"Captain Stubbs won the St. An-

drew's match with its mate," replied the salesman.

Stevenson subjected two of the balls to a careful scrutiny and then slipped them into the pocket of his loose coat.

"What's the damage," he asked.

"Only one dollar," answered the beguiler.

"Only!" exclaimed Stevenson.

"Great Scott! man, with such large ideas, if I were you I'd retire from business."

"Fifty cents per; and they are worth the money," retorted the tobacconist.

Stevenson fished the required coins from the depth of a pocket, and left the shop. "And still the world expects a poet to put money in the collection plate in church, and wear collars, when it charges him for every mortal golf ball the price of an immortal line of verse," he soliloquized. He found Miss O'Malley by the green turnstile gate that leads to the lower end of the links. She had already engaged two caddies (the usual two—Jim of the red head, and Pete of the paternal trousers), and as Stevenson approached she looked severely at her watch.

"Am I late?" he enquired in deep concern.

"You have been ten minutes' late for every appointment this fall," she said.

"That's just my luck," he explained, as they moved toward the first tee.

"Whenever I am very keen to be on

time for a thing I get ready hours too soon, make half-a-dozen false starts, and wind up by being half a day late."

"Ten minutes," she corrected him.

"Ah, well, ten minutes or half a day—they seem to be equal crimes in your eyes," he murmured.

Miss O'Malley turned her face away and smiled, and only the caddies saw it.

"Gee!" whispered Pete. "She's easy. Wish I was him."

"You'd make a peach poet—in them pants," replied Jim of the red head.

Sydney Stevenson bent close to Kate O'Malley. "Why are you so frightfully down on me?" he asked in guarded tones.

She looked at him in cool surprise. "Would I spend two or three hours of every fine afternoon in your company if I were down on you?" she retorted.

"Oh, you are awfully good to me," he said plaintively, "but—well, people are good to cripples, you know."

She did not speak.

"I wonder if you would change your mind if I went away," he ventured.

"Why don't you try?" she asked.

He laughed drily. "My dear girl, I have tried about twenty times."

"I never missed you."

"I mean I tried to go away," he explained, ruefully.

By this time they had arrived at the low, grassy knoll from which drives were made for hole number one.

"Will you lead off, please. I hate to drive first," she said.

Stevenson's caddy made a tee of sand from a nearby box, and set up a ball with professional care.

Stevenson was about to swing his driver when he noticed his companion's father, Captain H. A. O'Malley R.N.

(retired), sauntering across the course with a butterfly net in his hand.

"Fore," he shouted.

Miss O'Malley smiled.

"I think father is quite safe," she said.

"Fore," shouted Stevenson again.

The burly old sailor turned and waved his hand frivolously.

"Slam away, me lad; I'm out of range of your guns," he hailed.

"I believe he's right," laughed Stevenson. He looked at the teed ball.

"I may as well try a Royal Scotch High Flyer—something new in golf balls," he remarked.

The ordinary ball was replaced with the new and expensive one. Then he swung his club and made the drive of



"Why are you so frightfully down on me?" he asked in guarded tones.

his life. Smack! Away it sailed, like a flying-fish before the wind. The caddies followed it with open mouths as well as eyes.

"Splendid," exclaimed Miss O'Malley.

Just then old Captain O'Malley R.N. hurled his butterfly net in the air and leaped after it.

tried to lift the fallen one to his feet.

"Hands off, you lubber," cried old O'Malley.

The unfortunate golfer ceased his efforts.

"Father, are you hurt?" panted Kate.

"Hurt," roared her father, rolling over and glaring at her. "Why, the



"Father, are you hurt?" panted Kate.

"Gee! you've swiped 'im," cried Pete, gleefully.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Stevenson, letting his driver slip from his fingers.

They all dashed toward the now prostrate and furiously cursing captain. Stevenson led easily. Miss O'Malley and the caddies were bunched for second money. Stevenson, aghast with fear and trembling with remorse,

d— ball went right through me."

"Gee! I guess it didn't puncture his lung," remarked Pete, softly.

"I don't see no hole," said Jim—"and here's de ball." He picked it up. The girl extended her hand for it.

"Do you think you are really hurt, sir?" enquired Stevenson, approaching cautiously.

"What's that?" cried the captain. "What's that you say? Do I think

I am really hurt—you fresh-water joker! Give me a hand up, Kate, and I'll show the young cock if I'm to be made a fool of by every derrick-legged poet who chooses to run around after my daughter."

"Father, how dare you!" cried Miss O'Malley.

The old man scrambled to his feet and began to rub the calf of his left leg.

"It'll be black and blue," he muttered.

Miss O'Malley burst into peals of laughter, and hid her face in her hands.

Sydney Stevenson's amazement and remorse gave way to white hot anger. He strode toward the old man. "You old bounder," he cried. Then, with equal abruptness, he turned his back on the little group and left the links. His brain was in a whirl. He had not known that anyone in the world could be so boorish. And Kate?—Kate had laughed when her father had insulted him.

II

For days the dejected poet kept away from the golf course as he would from a lazaretto. One evening, while he was busily engaged with his pipe and a number of ideas that refused to allow themselves to be turned into verse, the maid rapped at his study door and announced Captain O'Malley.

"Tell him I'm out," said Stevenson; but before the maid could turn around the captain himself pushed past her and shut the door in her face.

"Me boy," began the old sailor, nervously, "I'm very sorry for what happened on the links the other day. Kate made me promise to drop in—that is, I decided the right thing for me to do was to call and beg your pardon."

"It is granted, sir," said Stevenson, coldly.

"I'll just sit down for a minute," said O'Malley. "Two flights of stairs always puff me."

The young man pushed his easiest chair toward his visitor.

The captain sat down, sighed, and lit his pipe. After blowing a few meditative clouds toward the ceiling, he turned and fixed an unwinking eye upon his host. He seemed calmer. In level tones he began: "I don't want you to imagine, me boy, that under ordinary circumstances I'd beg your pardon for what I said—no sir, a smash with a golf ball is not to be lightly overlooked—but me daughter has told me all, and that put a very different face on the matter."

"Yes, it was a new kind of golf ball—a regular flyer," said Stevenson.

The captain stared. "But, I think, Mr. Stevenson, I should have heard something of it from you," he continued.

It was now the poet's turn to stare.

"Well!" cried the captain, beginning to work himself into a rage—"What the devil are you glaring at?—you look as if you didn't know that you are engaged to marry my daughter."

Stevenson's face flashed to a dangerous shade of gray. He sank into the nearest chair. O'Malley rushed to a side table and grabbed a decanter of Scotch whiskey. Having swallowed about half a glass of the raw liquor, Stevenson looked better.

"I intended speaking to you last Monday, sir," he said, steadily, "but the unfortunate accident—"

"Exactly—don't apologize, me boy," interrupted the captain. He found another glass on the table. "I'll just take a wee nip meself," he said. Then he seemed to remember something, and putting down the glass took a note from his pocket. He tossed it to Stevenson. "Something from Kate," he said.

The poet tore it open with eager fingers. Thus it ran:

"DEAR SYDNEY,

I hope I have not spoiled your plans. I always intended to marry a brave man, and you are surely the bravest in the world. You called father a bounder, and I have seen him brow-beat admirals and frighten staff-lieutenants into hysterics. Besides this, I love you. Bring father home with you.

KATE."



HER LAUGHTER

BY VERNON NOTT

AS phantom light suffuses dim the east,
 Precursing dawn—now subtle radiance tells
 Thro' her deep eyes the laughter near. Where dwells
 Each captive dimple, 'tis to joy releast;
 In lovely sound, ne'er loud tho' swift increast,
 Her laughter bubbles forth, all mirthful wells
 To one sweet chime, like peal of elfin bells,
 That thralls with tingling pleasure till 'tis ceast.
 I love her laugh. 'Tis lavish'd round my soul
 Like some strange holy balm—doth e'er a dream
 Of bleak depression grip me, swift the gleam
 Of that dear laughter shames my useless dole.
 Our world ne'er laughs enough: from him, I deem,
 That scorns to laugh, takes grief a treble toll.



Jos. SHEPARD. 1904.

THE PEDDLER'S LIFT

By J. W. FULLER, author of "Isolda"



HENRY GIBSON was humming some sort of tune as his old mare jogged along at a slow, steady gait—not a joyous note, but a dull, monotonous drone; audible expression of the low ebb to which his spirits had fallen. Why he hummed at all he could scarcely have told; it had become a habit during the many years of his lonely journeyings up and down the concession lines of a half-dozen townships.

In rhythm his measures showed but scant variation, but the pitch of his voice was an infallible register of his frame of mind, and of late this dull monotone had become, alas, all too much in evidence.

"Afternoon, Hank!" called a passing pedestrian, cheerily.

"Why, how do, Mr. Jacques?" returned Henry, pulling up with a start, "I declare I didn't see you coming along. How's all the folk?"

"Nicely, thank you. Goin' to stop at the house?"

"Well, yes. Got a nice bit o' print here, I think the Missus'll like."

"Don't think it's much use. She and the girls was up to town on Tuesday and fetched home a pile of stuff."

"Oh, I'll stop anyhow. Maybe there's something they forgot," and the old man's spirits sank a notch lower as he gathered up the reins and called to the mare to "get up."

Throughout that whole section of country there was no more familiar figure than Henry Gibson, peddler, and, with the majority of the people, none more welcome, though of late years there had been a waning in his popularity—a change which poor Henry had too much cause to fail to note.

Twenty years ago his advent at a farmhouse was quite an exciting event. The women folk suspended their tasks to give attention to his wares, and the

children stood as close as they dared, in an ecstasy of open-eyed wonder and delight at the beauty and variety of the goods and trinkets he displayed, while even the men, if they noticed his arrival, thought nothing of quitting their work in the fields and joining the circle to appraise his stock and listen to the latest news from town and the world at large.

But now there was a decided difference. His reception, though friendly as of yore, was marked more by careless good nature than the eager cordiality of days ago; and open criticism or disparagement of his goods took the place of the respectful hearing formerly accorded him.

"I saw better and cheaper than that in town the other day," or kindred remark, was what he was now forced to listen to almost daily, and he dared not challenge the accuracy of the statements. An hour later, he was driving away from the Jacques farmhouse, his purse just fifteen cents richer, and his stock lighter by but a yard of ribbon.

"That print's last season's style; and the girls wouldn't hear to my making any use of it," had been the verdict.

True, he had had a good dinner, for the hospitality of his customers had not waned, but for all that Gibson's spirits were considerably lower than when Jacques had accosted him upon the road.

A trolley car whisked by the foot of the hill he was about to descend.

"A plague upon the pesky things! I wish the man that made 'em had never been born!" he exclaimed; for he shrewdly lay the responsibility for his ever-declining fortunes at the door of the radial roads now intersecting the country.

"Never mind, Henry," his faithful life partner had counselled, again and again, "the folk will soon get over the newness of it, and won't spend so much time travelling to town; then

you'll be able to sell as much as ever."

But she had not proven a true prophetess, and matters were drifting from bad to worse.

A mental vision now rose before him of the good old soul, as he had last seen her—the rays of the early morning sun glancing upon her whitening hair and seeming to shed a radiance about the reposeful, trusting face, as she bade him a cheery farewell.

"Never fear, Henry! The Lord will provide. I keep praying about it, and I'm hoping this week'll see the turn. He'll never forsake us; remember that!"

Henry tried to remember, but he found it hard to equal her faith. That, or some kindred sentiment had been her Monday morning farewell for a long time now, but the lane seemed to have no turning.

That morning, however, he had felt more hopeful than usual, and had set out determined to neglect no effort to do a brisk week's trade. It was a glorious October day, with just a hint of freshness in the air to brace one; and as he journeyed along the road skirting the river and drank in the gorgeous beauty of the wooded hills, aflame with the varied hues of the turning leaves, bathed in the flood of gladdening sunlight, he felt his pulses quicken while the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and his voice grew lusty and strong as he shouted forth, over and over again, several bars of an ancient ditty.

But it proved a poor day for business, and was followed by other days equally disheartening until this—Friday—morning had broken dull and cold with a raw, gusty wind blowing—a wind which went through and through his thin garments and quickened into active life the rheumatism which had lain dormant during the summer months. The sun shone but dimly through the mist of cloud, and a grey half-twilight brooded over the hills and valleys, as though in sympathy with the peddler's discouragement—the entire week's business had not equalled a respectable half-day's traffic.

"The cottage'll have to go," he muttered to himself by way of diversion from his cheerless humming.

"Either that, or we call on Freddie," he continued. "I'd rather go on the county though!—for myself, certain—but then there's mother!" and again the vision of that sweet, patient face, with its fringe of grey locks rose before him.

Their son Fred was a rising physician in the West. It had been a long, hard struggle for the worthy couple to keep the boy at school and send him to college; but when they had journeyed to Toronto—their first visit to the provincial capital—and saw their boy receive his degree, they felt well repaid for all their self-denial. The calls upon the slender purse did not, however, cease yet, but continued several years longer ere the youthful practitioner could work his way into the enjoyment of a modest income.

It was during this latter period that the mortgage had been placed upon their humble home—an expedient which they mutually agreed must never be revealed to Fred. Once placed, it had never been removed, the payment of the interest demanding all their ingenuity, until now it appeared impossible for them to longer provide even that; and the dread of foreclosure had become a veritable waking nightmare.

The evening shadows were beginning to close in.

"Guess I'll put up for the night at Turner's," mused the old man, as he approached a large farmhouse of considerable pretensions, glistening in all the glory of a recent coat of paint. "There's no use travelling farther to-day, and I can make town by to-morrow night all right."

"Who's that?" queried a feminine voice from the dusky interior, as he pushed open the kitchen door after rapping upon it with the butt of his whip.

"Peddler Gibson," called back the fourteen-year-old boy who confronted him.

"Tell him we don't want anything,"

the hidden voice responded. "Nothing at all," with added emphasis.

"But I thought of stopping over night, Miss Phoebe," expostulated Henry, thinking it about time he asserted himself.

"We can't put you up, Mr. Gibson," came the decided reply. "We had more company than we wanted last night; and they carried off what they didn't bring. Peddlers and thieves—'birds of a feather flock together,'" was added in a lower key, but evidently intended for his ears.

Gibson winced.

"Where's your pa, Jamie?" he queried of the boy.

"He and Jack and Joe are all out hunting for the burglars. We don't know when they'll be back."

"What burglars?"

"Didn't you hear?—a couple of fellow came here last night, and asked to stop. Dad took them in, but this morning they were gone with over a hundred dollars he got for a horse yesterday, and all the old silverware. That's what's up with Sis," he added confidentially. "She's awful mad about the silver, 'cause she was counting big on showing it off at her wedding next week."

"Stop your talking and shut that door, Jim," commanded the inner voice in threatening tones, as Gibson turned wearily away.

If he waited for Mr. Turner he knew that he could be sure of a cordial welcome; but he had no desire to remain after the daughter's gratuitous insult. He had offended Miss Phoebe when she was yet but a half-grown girl, by persuading her mother to buy her a piece of dress goods, which she had declared frightfully ugly, and which once purchased she had been compelled to wear despite all protests.

A jog of two or three miles further down the road would bring him to the Walker's, who, he knew, would be glad to see him; so, although both he and his old mare were ready to rest, he gathered up the reins and continued his journey in the gathering dusk.

A few hundred yards east of the

Walker place the road ran through a thickly wooded hollow, where the overhanging trees effectively shut out what little daylight remained, and shrouded the highway in deep gloom. When about half-way through this copse his steady-going mare suddenly shied, then stood trembling uneasily, and Henry became conscious that someone was holding her head.

"Hello! What d'you want?" he demanded somewhat shakily, peering into the darkness.

"We want a lift," came the reply.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you; but I'm putting up for the night at the next house."

"Oh, I guess you can strain a point, and keep right on. We've a pressing engagement on the other side of the line, and must make the river by morning."

This was a different voice, and the peddler could now make out two shadowy figures looming up bulkily upon the right of the roadway.

"I really couldn't think of it, gentlemen," he protested. "Neither the mare nor I have had a bite since noon, and we're about played out."

"We're not asking you to make record time," returned the first voice, "but we've got to have a lift," and something in his hand clicked ominously as he drew closer. "Yes; and we're quite willing to return the compliment by 'lifting' something for you," chimed in the second voice in mocking accents.

"Climb in then," retorted Gibson ungraciously enough.

"Thank you! and we've a parcel here we'll just drop into your wagon," and as what looked like a good-sized clothes-basket struck the floor of the cart it gave forth an unmistakable metallic jingle.

"Guess we'll just crawl in here alongside ourselves. This top'll keep off the night air—and, by-the-way, friend, you needn't stop to introduce us to anyone you meet," quoth he of the mocking voice.

For several hours they jogged along in silence. Gibson's teeth were chat-

tering with the cold, and he shook as though an ague had come upon him; but withal, his chief concern was for his old mare, who was being called upon for such heavy work upon short rations. Twice they met other vehicles, and each time the old man felt something cold and hard pressed against his back, and again heard that ominous click. The hint was sufficient, and he continued steadily on his way with a terse "How do?" in passing.

Just before dawn they encountered several mounted men, whose leader peremptorily called upon Gibson to stop, and pressing forward, revealed himself as the county constable.

"Now, I'll get rid of these gentry!" thought the peddler; but on the instant he again felt that suggestive coldness in the back, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"I'll kill you, if you give us away!"

"Oh, it's you Hank!" the constable greeted. "Didn't know you kept the road both night and day."

"No more I do; but I had to put on an extra spurt to-night. Didn't see any burglars along the road?"

At this question Henry received such a vicious dig in the ribs as to cause him almost to cry aloud.

"Burglars!" he exclaimed, "I wasn't looking for any; and I don't suppose they'd think my truck worth taking, if I did run across them. Where've they been?"

"A couple went through Turner's place night before last. We thought they'd made the river and cut across, but couldn't find any trace; so we're doubling back. Seen any suspicious characters?"

"I did see a couple of stranger fellows with a basket some miles back."

A muttered oath from behind reached Henry's ear, and the pistol was pressed more firmly to his back.

"The very pair!" exclaimed the constable. "Turner said they'd taken a basket to carry the stuff. How far back?"

"Put 'em off the scent!" was hissed into Gibson's ear.

"In the wood, a mile this side of Turner's. They wanted me to give 'em a lift; but I said I guessed I'd stop at Walker's."

"Cheeky fellows to hang around that close! Glad to hear it though. We're sure to get 'em yet. Come on, boys!" and the party clattered off.

Gibson was loath to see them go, and heartily wished he had had the courage to say: "Here's your men, constable!" but the close proximity of that suggestive pistol had overbalanced all other considerations.

For another half hour they plodded steadily along. Suddenly there was a fusilade of oaths from beneath the cover behind him.

"Wake that beast up, old man; and drive for all your worth!"

The peddler turned to see what had caused this outbreak.

The sun was now up above the eastern horizon; but his rays failed to pierce the thick mist which enveloped the earth, hiding all but nearby objects, and distorting these into fantastic shapes. On the crest of a considerable hill they had just descended, several moving figures were silhouetted against the eastern sky; these by their actions were evidently in pursuit of the peddler's cart.

"They've caught on and are coming back!" declared one of his passengers. "Whip up your old nag and make her travel."

"Get up, Nancy!" called Henry.

"Whip her up, I say! Here, give me the whip, and I'll lash some life into her!"

"Get up, Nancy!" repeated the peddler.

"Do you hear? Get out your whip!" the fellow shouted in his ear, and prodded him viciously with his pistol.

The worm will turn. Gibson's heart had been full of sympathy for the old mare who had carried him so faithfully in all sorts of weather for so many years; and the suggestion that he should still abuse her rendered him desperate.

"See here!" he shouted, turning and facing his tormentor, "I'm get-

ing all the travel out of this beast there is in her, and she'll give me more speed for the asking than all the lashing you could do would whip out of her. Keep quiet and I'll do my best; but say any more about the whip and I'll pull her up short, and you can shoot all you like! Understand?"

"Well, I'll be ——!" exclaimed the astonished desperado, "if the fool doesn't think more of that bag of bones than he does of his own carcass!—Well, go it your own way," he added, but make her travel."

The old man pulled on the reins with his benumbed hands.

"Git along there, Nancy! Git along, my beauty!"

The mare stepped out gallantly, but the day and night of toil had been poor preparation for this extra effort.

"Move along, Nancy! Move along!"

"Make her do better than that!" called a hateful voice from behind.

"You shut up!" Gibson retorted politely, without turning his head, and continued to call encouragingly to his beast. He had no desire to be overtaken by the constable and his posse, for he felt that he was in a compromising position, the simple explanation of which might not be readily accepted; and the cruel gibe of Turner's girl recurred to his mind with added bitterness.

On went the mare, with the cart behind rattling and bumping over the hard road. Soon they approached the outskirts of the town.

"Down toward the river!" ordered the voice behind, as they came to a fork in the road; and Gibson dared not disobey. Presently they passed to the rear of his own cottage, from the chimney of which a dim smoke was curling, indicating that the thrifty Martha was already astir—intent, doubtless, on preparations for the expected homecoming of her spouse that evening.

The houses were closer together now, and ere long they were within the town limits, and making turn after turn in and out of the various streets in zigzag fashion, at the dictation of

that imperative voice, but ever drawing closer to the river, beyond which lay safety.

They were crossing the head of a wide street leading toward the centre of the town, when Henry came to a sudden bold determination. He had resented the high-handed proceedings of his self-invited companions; but the cruel strain put upon his faithful old mare hurt him much more than the indignities heaped upon himself, and he was very loath that such inhumanity should go unpunished.

"Get down out of sight there, quick!" he called, himself suiting the action to the word by ducking his head; but at the same moment he kicked viciously at an iron lever upon the cart floor.

Some years ago, Gibson, who was quite a genius in his way, had contrived an arrangement for contracting the canvas top of his waggon, and securely fastening the framework upon all sides—this for protection when leaving it, as he was often forced to do, with his stock in trade in some open shed for the night. The lever beneath the seat operated this mechanism.

There was a crash and a medley of muffled oaths from beneath the canvas covering, as Henry sharply swerved the mare into the wide street, jolting the wheels over the curbing by the shortness of the turn. The old man rose from the seat, and stood swaying unsteadily upon benumbed and stiffened limbs, shouting hysterically to his mare:

"Git along, Nancy! Do your prettiest, girl! Help the old man win! Keep it up just a little bit longer! We'll soon get rid of our gay company! Up, you old darling, up!"

The wheels rattled over the stones of the roadway; dogs barked; half-grown boys yelled in derision at the dilapidated-looking outfit and its ungainly driver, while continuous cursing, vicious kicking, rending of canvas, and even a stray shot from beneath the covering, added to the din.

Men and women thrust startled and wondering faces out of windows and

doorways; children screamed and scampered to see; drivers of other vehicles turned hastily aside; a pompous guardian of the peace called authoritatively but unavailingly to him to stop. Surely, no such commotion had been created in a quiet, law-abiding town since John Gilpin took his famous ride!

Gibson drove on wildly, encouraging the mare by every device he could conceive of, expecting each instant to be felled or shot from behind. He could hear the light framework splintering, and knew that at best it could be but a few moments ere his prisoners were free—and then?—

But he kept on, and just as a stinging blow caught him beneath the jaw, pulled up at the police station. Several officers rushed forth to investigate the hubbub and secured the two scoundrels, who were throwing themselves upon the old man with murderous intent.

Cold, dazed, bruised and filled with despair as he contemplated the ruin of his cart and the general wreckage of his modest stock, Henry Gibson turned into the station, but paid scant attention to the proceedings before the desk sergeant. He took but little interest even when the contents of the basket were turned out, disclosing the entire collection of ancient silverware the Turners were so proud of. Looking listlessly about the room, his eye caught a placard upon the wall, on which the printer's ink seemed scarcely dried. He read it through mechanically, not grasping the purport of it. The signature, however, arrested his attention and recalled his wandering faculties.

He read it through again, then questioned the officer at his elbow:

"Tell me, constable, do I get that?"

"Well, I don't know why you shouldn't!" returned the other, heartily. "Here's the burglars, and here's the silver, for the return of which and the conviction of the thieves John Turner offers a reward of \$1,000. You're in luck, Hank!"

The old man felt a sudden weakness. He sat down quickly, while thoughts of a cancelled mortgage, replenished stock, and—sweet morsel!—a full apology from Turner's daughter flashed through his brain, while before his mental vision again arose the picture of the serene, calm, confident face of Martha, his wife, as she had stood upon the Monday morning and bidden him go forth in the assurance that the Master would care for them.

When the examination was over, he walked out dreamily. As he reached the sidewalk, three tall figures astride ungainly plough horses came down the street.

"Hello, Hank!" shouted Will Norris, pulling up, while his two lank sons continued on their way. "You're making quick time this week, aren't you? Me and the boys thought 'twas your cart ahead of us a bit back on the road and tried to catch you up, but you was going too lively. There's mettle in that old nag of yours yet! The Missus was speaking of a bit of linen you promised to bring her this week. Keep it in mind, Hank. We're making to haul timber this mornin', so I can't stop no longer."

"Yes," whispered Henry to his mare, as he rubbed his cheek against her muzzle, lovingly, "one of them fellows said they'd like to lift something for me, but I didn't think it'd be the mortgage—guess he didn't either!"



Current Events Abroad.

DURING the past month the people of Great Britain have lost another of the prominent men of the Victorian era. The Duke of Cambridge, who died on the 17th of March in his 85th year, was one of the connecting links with the days in which Queen Victoria began to rule the destinies of Greater Britain. He may not have been a military genius either in administration or on the field of battle, but he had mixed so long with the army and had seen so many generations of it come and go that he was regarded throughout the Empire as "The Grand Old Man of the service."

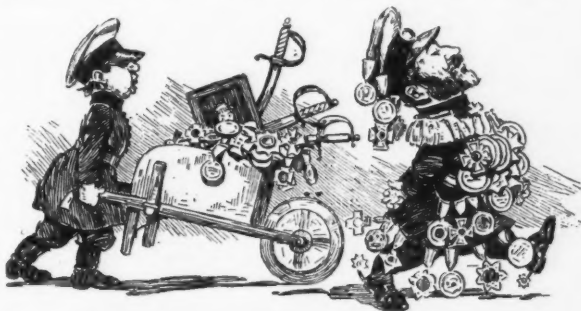
Lord Wolseley in his recent work wrote of the Duke as follows: "I liked him more and more the better I knew him. Indeed no one who served for so many years on his staff could fail to love his amiable qualities or admire his manliness of feeling. His honesty of purpose, loyalty to the army, devotion to duty, sincere patriotism and great attachment to his Queen and country pervaded all he did."

In fact, without overdrawing the picture very much, one might compare him with the admirals and generals who gave such honourable and devoted allegiance to Queen Elizabeth at a time when chivalry and romance were more popular. At the service in the Abbey on March 22nd the congregation included the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Connaught and other members of the royal family. The eighteen pallbearers included

five field-m Marshals and several general officers. From the Abbey the procession took its way to Kensal Green Cemetery, the King following as the chief mourner. In this quiet resting place the remains of the Duke were laid in a private mausoleum beside those of his wife, although one would have naturally expected that they should be placed in Westminster beside those of the other great men of the nation.

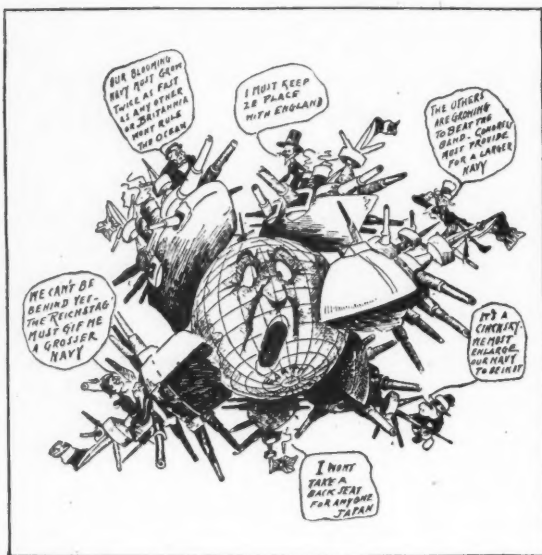
The present British House of Commons is breaking up into new groups and new parties. It is only a matter of time until the members have so rearranged themselves that a new Government will be necessary. One of the first points to be decided is who shall lead the new Liberal Government. This point has been awaiting decision since the death of Mr. Gladstone, and even now men hesitate to express an opinion. The following paragraph from *Public Opinion*, London, of March 25th, gives a somewhat new point of view:

"At the next General Election the confusion of parties is likely to be worse confounded by the attitude of the Irish National-



GENERAL KUROPATKIN GOES TO THE FRONT—*Life*

THE GROWTH OF THE NAVIES



IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND UMPY-TWO—Detroit News

ists. Free importers like the *Spectator* have invited the Liberal Party to throw over Home Rule, in order to render it possible for Unionist recalcitrants to work with them, and we have had assurances from various Liberal quarters that Home Rule, on Gladstone lines, at any rate, no longer forms part of the Radical programme. They who speak thus do not reckon with Mr. John Redmond. At Manchester, on Sunday last, he predicted an early General Election, and said the issue would not be decided on fiscal reform, army reform, or Chinese labour in the Transvaal. It would be decided by a body of men whose first care is to secure Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Redmond evidently believes that the Irishmen will hold the balance, and has determined to use his opportunities for the advancement of National aspirations. He hopes that the next election may result in a balance between Radicals and Tories, so that they will be eager to propose alternative plans of Home Rule in order to secure the Irish vote."

The question of Chinese labour in South Africa has been agitating the public mind there and in Great Britain for some time. When the subject was first discussed last year the best opinions in South Africa were against it. Lord Milner and those interested in the

mines urged it as a grave necessity. People would not hear of it. However, a revolution of feeling has taken place; the Transvaal Chamber of Commerce who voted against it last year by 50 to 5, has now revised its opinion and advocates it by a vote of 61 to 11. The Bishop of Pretoria has recently declared that it is the only solution of present difficulties. Lord Milner asserts that the introduction of Chinese labour is the one way to stop the present exodus of white men from British Africa, and he strongly urges that for every 10,000 coloured labourers introduced into the Colony that

10,000 more whites will follow in three years' time. In the British House of Commons the subject has been hotly debated and the Opposition proposed a vote of censure in the following terms: "That this House disapproves the conduct of His Majesty's Government in advising the Crown not to disallow the ordinance for the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal." The Government's majority was only 57. The Bishop of Hereford protested that the Government had been listening to Lord Milner and the mine owning interests instead of the real Africans. Veil it as they might this ordinance is the essence of slavery. Lord Spencer thought that the word slavery might be an exaggeration, but agreed that the conditions were semi-servile. Lord Lansdowne declared that the regulations suit the requirements of the Colony and suit the Chinese themselves, and that the Government is prepared to accept full responsibility for its action. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, point-

ed out that twenty-six meetings had been held in the Transvaal in favour of the new policy and only five or six against it. It was incorrect to say that all the self-governing Colonies were against this policy. Natal and Canada had refused to interfere, recognizing that this was a matter which concerned the Transvaal alone. The Chinese coolie in South Africa would do well too, because he would receive at least twelve times the wages he could earn in his own country.

The result of the controversy and of the various votes which have been taken would seem to be that the British Empire will acquiesce in introducing a species of contract-labour into South Africa because there are certain economic difficulties to be grappled with which cannot be met in any other way. It is to be hoped that the practical experiment will not be as obnoxious as the theoretical principle involved.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his opening address to the Dominion Parliament on March 10th, was not very complimentary to the United States, and declared that it was not the purpose of the Government to ask any favours of that country. He boldly asserted that Canada had made her last request for fairer trade relations, and that any new negotiations looking toward reciprocity must be initiated by the United States. In these sentiments the Premier undoubtedly represents the public opinion of Canada, but he is common with all other fair-minded men on both sides of the boundary line must deplore the foolishness of



FEUDAL JAPAN AND MODERNIZED JAPAN

"He was handsomer in his old time clothes, and we were far happier"—*Intransigent* (Paris)

the situation. Perhaps, after the Presidential elections which are to be held in November, those who favour reciprocity will be able to speak out more boldly.

The Russo-Japanese war, which started out with such a rush and with such great promise of victory for the Japanese, has dragged on for two months without any great developments. The military strategists who sit at home and tell us all about it have been sore put to say what is being done and what particular lines of action are being developed. The correspondents who have gone to the front have sent back no information that is worth while, and we are almost without accurate knowledge of the situation. For days and weeks a huge battle has been expected in Northern Korea, but this has not yet happened. There is no doubt, however, that the delay makes for the advantage of Russia. General Kuropatkin has reached the



BRITANNIA—"Dear me! What is all that noise out in the yard, Johnny?"

JOHNNY—"It's only Sammy. He wants me to go out and play reciprocity with him, and I don't want to."—*Montreal Star*

East, having made the trip in two weeks. He and Admiral Makaroff have infused new life into the land and naval forces of the Czar. With the opening of navigation on Lake Baikal Russian reinforcements and supplies will go forward with greater rapidity.

Meanwhile Japan is not idle and is making strenuous efforts to entrench herself in Corea. The Marquis Ito is on a special commission to the Corean Court and remains in Seoul. There is no doubt that so long as he is present in that country everything will be done that can be done to increase the railway accommodation, the efficiency of the methods of transportation, and to so strengthen the fortifications that it will be very difficult to dislodge the soldiers of the Mikado.

So far as the sea-fights are concerned, the moral victory is with Japan. The Russians have lost several vessels,

possibly through carelessness, possibly because of Japanese torpedo-boat daring. But the loss of these vessels, though material, is a matter of less consequence than the loss of Admiral Makaroff, who apparently was the greatest of all Russian naval officers. He was energetic, daring and skilful. His death increases the difficulties which General Kuropatkin will be called upon to face. The Baltic Squadron is not expected to reach the East before the end of August. The new Admiral will have difficulty in defending himself in the meantime against an enemy who is much stronger. In fact, he is confronted by an almost impossible task.

The Combes Government in France is now given a further lease of life, namely, until the Chamber resumes its sessions after the Easter holidays. But one may be pardoned for growing skeptical as to prophecies of Dr. Combes' downfall. He was to be defeated on the measure expelling the congregations, then on the prohibition of religious teaching, and then on the issue afforded by the ineptness of Minister Pelletan of the navy. All these, however, have been survived. The latest slap at the Church (the order for the removal of all religious emblems from the court of justice) has met with much less approval from the French people than was given to the measures which vitally affected Church influence. It looks more like an exhibition of spite than a justifiable administrative innovation.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE SUNSHINE BRIGADE

Make way, make way, for the Sunshine Brigade!

There comes no gloom where its troops have strayed,
For they bear the peace of the fairy dells,
And laughter's the music that ripples and swells

To the rhythmic tread of their marching feet,
And they love the world, for the world is sweet;

And Worry and Trouble creep back, dismayed,
When they view the flag of the Sunshine Brigade.

Make place, make space for the Sunshine Brigade

As it cheerfully marches, in joy arrayed,
For the world has need of laughter's tone,
And has worries and flurries enough of its own;

And a smiling face is a message of cheer:
"Let the world wag on, there is blessing here."

Oh, we need them all on life's upward grade,
The beautiful folks of the Sunshine Brigade.

Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade,
From those who have wandered and stumbled and strayed,

Yet know the sweet music of laughter's glad song,
That defeat presses down the battalions of wrong;

Who know the love that was born to bless,
The pressure of lips in a fond caress,
From those who are blessed through the ransom Christ paid,
Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine Brigade!

—ALFRED Y. WATERHOUSE.

ALL this month housefurnishing and bric-a-brac shops everywhere will be haunted by prospective June brides and bridegrooms, intent upon the exciting and fascinating task of

making cosy and habitable the new homes they are soon to occupy. I should like to call the attention of these young people—and, indeed, of householders everywhere—to a very interesting and helpful article on housefurnishing which appeared recently in that excellent periodical, *The House Beautiful*.

The Chinese have a proverb which runs: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home," and since this is undeniably true, it is to be regretted that more women do not realize that in making a pretty house they are not necessarily ensuring for themselves and their families a comfortable home.

I know a young bride who takes great delight in what she considers her pretty home, its many silk drapes, pale-tinted, showy curtains, and medley of bric-a-brac, being a source of much pleasure and pride to her; but no one except herself finds any comfort in her rooms, her poor husband feeling really at ease only in his own little smoking den. Masculine visitors seat themselves with inward fear upon her fragile little chairs and flimsy settees, and feminine guests breathe a sigh of relief if they emerge from the house without having overturned with sleeves or skirt some of the breakable articles of *virtu* with which high tables, low tables, and even the floor are covered.

The author of the article mentioned above makes very clear the two important points to be constantly borne in mind by the house-furnisher—simplicity and

utility. A heterogeneous medley of silk drapes, rich portières and ornaments crowded together on tables, shelves and mantel piece, forever destroys in a room any claim to beauty which its owner may make for it.

Here are a few trenchant gleanings from Miss Spicer's admirable little article:

"We collect things which mean something to us, but if that meaning is not apparent to others, the articles would better be kept in a place where they will be seen by us alone, and they may be shown and explained to those who are interested. . . . a table used merely to show off small articles of ornament seems meaningless, a shelf or mantel is more suitable for this purpose. . . . As the mantel is usually the thing in the room which first catches the eye, take pains to put on it your best and most effective things. A few large jars and bits of pottery will look far more dignified than a lot of meaningless little things. . . . If young people would only remember that they have a lifetime before them, that it is easier at first to get along with two good dining chairs and a packing-box than to feel later on like disposing of six or eight mediocre chairs and beginning all over again, that it is better to have one good jar than a dozen poor ones, they would make haste slowly. The standard of a really fine thing is its lastingness. If you love your possessions more and more each year they must be good, but if you soon outgrow them they were never worth the loving."

Speaking of houses, it is rather interesting to compare the various styles of architecture which at present flourish in our country. Coming directly from the east to the extreme west, one is particularly struck by the great difference between the houses of—say Quebec, and the houses of British Columbia.

As climate is largely responsible for fashions in clothes, so is it a determining factor in fashions in building, and,

naturally, one would not expect to find an open, wide-verandahed bungalow in the Arctic zone, nor a heavily-built, thick-walled, stone dwelling in the tropics, but surely Quebec architects could design houses warm enough to withstand the rigorous winter of that Province, and yet possessing some small degree of comfort and beauty.

In Montreal, where the question of space must be considered, one can understand the supposed necessity which impelled the builders of that city to erect their cheaper dwelling houses in tiers, one above the other, where families are neatly stowed as cattle and sheep are packed in railway cars. But in building detached houses in ample grounds there is really no reason or excuse for carrying out the same cramping ideas. Montreal and Quebec are essentially cities of ugly houses, of long, unbroken rows of chill, forbidding-looking dwelling places, straight, sombre and formal as to exterior, uninviting and stiff as to interior.

A Toronto lady who went to live in Quebec last winter, after much house hunting was forced to enshrine her Lares and Penates in a typical Lower Canadian domicile.

The laundry, kitchen and kitchen accessories were on one floor; the dining-room and a small den occupied the next; over these were her bedroom, the drawing-room and bathroom, while the top flat contained a bedroom occupied by the small son of the house, the maid's room and a sewing-room. In the spring the exhausted mistress of this convenient and comfortable house gave it up and fled to a cottage in the country where she could recover a little of the strength and vitality wantonly consumed by those three flights of narrow vampire-like flights of stairs which, owing to the clever arrangement of the house, had to be trod countless times daily.

In Montreal the same manner of house prevails. The Lower Canadian architects of to-day are, perhaps, beginning to feel the wave of "modern ideas" which is sweeping over the continent, but for the sins of the arch-

itects of yesterday thousands of Montreal and Quebec women will yet be forced to suffer for many a long day.

It is better in Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton, most of the residential parts of these cities having been built comparatively recently, and one sees fewer of the unattractive, one-sided houses in which the rooms are strung like small beads on a long, narrow hall running in a thin, unbroken line from the front door to the kitchen.

Designers of houses are beginning to realize that space and light in one's dwelling place are two very desirable, if not absolutely essential features, and so every year in Ontario one sees a greater number of houses with square, roomy halls and wide windows. Just now the tendency—much to be commended—is to spread the house, putting into two or three stories the same number of rooms that used to be squeezed tier-like into four or five, thus dispensing with unnecessary, back-breaking stairs.

Of houses in Winnipeg I am not in a position to speak with authority, not having been in a sufficient number to make my comments of value, but in Victoria and Vancouver the problem of building pretty, comfortable, and in every respect thoroughly satisfactory houses is nearer solution than in any other part of Canada I know. Here one finds wide, roomy halls, frequently swelling out into cosy nooks, fireplace ingles, or even reception rooms, drawing-rooms so pretty and comfortable as to at once suggest the American comprehensive and expressive name for such apartments—"living-rooms," in the truest sense of the word, and bedrooms which, while not



DAISY BELL

A centenarian Indian Basket-weaver of British Columbia

uncommonly large, yet give one a delightful impression of sunlight and breathing-space.

Few houses are without a liberal supply of open fireplaces, and the much-carved, mirror-decked, ornate and very "cheap" overmantels so popular in the East are here replaced by a mantelpiece of plain wood, usually oiled cedar, mirrorless and uncarved, whose straight, clean lines, besides giving dignity and character to the whole room, are to the tired eyes of the real art-lover a rest and a joy forever.

A very popular style of small dwelling in Vancouver is a little house of a story and a half, locally known as a bungalow, and one has only to go over a few of them to realize and appreciate the comfort and beauty of these cosy, well-planned little residences.

Houses of this kind are sorely needed in our Eastern cities, where it is almost impossible to get a small, inex-

pensive house in a desirable locality. Every young couple starting in life with a slender income swells the general wail, and in their search for a nest they are confronted with the unattractive alternative—a narrow, little brick-fronted house in a row where congenial neighbours will be an unknown quantity, or “apartments” in some private house, than which, except in most rare instances, no method of living is quite so undesirable. The flats and large apartment houses which are being built in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, do not solve this small-income problem, for, being “new and fashionable,” rents are higher than for ordinary houses, and the flats and suites of rooms in these modern buildings can be occupied only by the really well-to-do.

Poker work—or pyrography, to be technical—as a popular feminine pastime is rapidly giving place to basket-weaving, which really is a very charming and fascinating occupation for the girl who craves some pretty task *pour passer le temps*.

Mexican grass is the favourite material employed, though rafia is coming into favour. The latter may be bought at any seed store, or from florists, who use it to tie up bunches of their wares, or it may be obtained dyed in any colour at almost any dry-goods or fancy-goods shop.

A lady from the South, who spent last summer in Muskoka, showed me some really wonderful baskets, which she was justly proud to exhibit as her own handiwork. She made them in all shapes and sizes, weaving into them beautiful decorations in most curious and attractive designs. One very pretty little work-basket in pale green had a flock of blackbirds encircling it in a zig-zag line.

While it, of course, requires skill and practice to work in very elaborate or intricate patterns, simple basket-weaving is not at all difficult, and even without a book of instructions, which is easily obtainable, the average nim-

ble-fingered girl, given reeds, rafia and a needle, could soon find herself mistress of the art.

Many ingenious girls are making their own spring and summer hats this year out of rafia, either braiding it and sewing it round and round as one would sew straw-braid, or weaving it in and out over a wire shape. A wide-brimmed rafia hat in the natural shade, trimmed with a simple wreath of bright red poppies, would make a very attractive hat to wear with linen and piqué shirt-waist suits.

While the Indian women of Ontario and Quebec devote themselves particularly to beadwork and making baskets and boxes of birchbark and porcupine quills, those of the West work only with reeds and grasses, making baskets of all sizes and designs.

Each tribe does one special kind of weaving, so that one who has made even a slight study of the subject can tell from a single glance at a basket just where it was made; though it is a rather remarkable and interesting fact that an Indian will never make two baskets exactly alike—there must be some slight difference in size, colour or design, else ill-luck will befall the weaver.

The finest and most valuable baskets are made by the Indian women of northern British Columbia and Alaska, fifty or a hundred dollars being by no means an uncommon price to pay for a well-made Attu basket.

One is glad to learn that the King's Daughters of Victoria are to hold a “Made-in-Canada Exhibition” this month. From the gratifying responses which the ladies in charge of the exhibition have received from the manufacturers to whom they have written for exhibits, and from the enthusiastic interest which is being taken in the enterprise, there is every indication that the exhibition will be an unequalled success. The good wishes of *Woman's Sphere* are with the King's Daughters in their commendable undertaking.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

CANADA AND ST. LOUIS

THE large number of Canadians preparing to visit the Exposition at St. Louis, which opens on April 30th, indicates that there is no subsidence of interest in World's Fairs. Besides, it will be as easy for Canadians to go to St. Louis as it was to visit Chicago, because the greater distance is counterbalanced by faster trains. The Canadian visitors will no doubt go mainly during May, September, October and November, the three intervening months being too hot for people from northern latitudes.

The Fair will not likely be remarkable in introducing new features. Chicago and Buffalo worked out the plaster building and electric light ideas fairly well, and St. Louis has been obliged to follow along the same lines. The grounds contain about 1,240 acres, while the Chicago Fair covered 633 acres, Paris 336 acres, and Buffalo 300 acres. The main exhibit palaces are to be nine in number, and will roof over 128 acres as compared with Chicago's 82 and Buffalo's 15. The keynote to the show will be "Processes rather than Products," and perhaps this will be the feature which will distinguish the Fair in history.

The plan of the grounds is comparatively simple. In the ground selected there was a natural hill, somewhere about seventy feet in height. On this was built a Festival Hall flanked by a curved architectural screen or peristyle. Down one side of the hill, toward the group of exhibition palaces at the foot, are terraces and cascades flanking each other, the cascades emptying into a great basin which lies in the centre of the grounds. The larger buildings are grouped together so that they may be viewed from the Festival

Hall hill and its terraced side. The other four hundred odd buildings are scattered here and there through the grounds.

Canada is to be represented by a building and some exhibits. Probably both will be as inadequate as they were at Buffalo. There will be the usual chunks of ore, a sheaf or two of wheat, some dead fish, a few fur-bearing animals and an odd picture of an Indian. There will be a profusion of uninteresting government pamphlets, dull and deadly, and an obvious lack of attendants who know the country and its resources. Worse than all there will be a collection of Canadian art! Yet the worst will not happen, since there is to be no exhibit of Canadian newspapers and magazines.



THE ST. LOUIS IDEA

CANADA cannot have much sympathy with the St. Louis idea, because it is essentially a glorification of expansion—United States expansion. The full significance of this can be estimated only by a survey of the territorial development of that country during the last hundred years.

When the nineteenth century opened, the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi river; but this did not include Florida, nor the vast unlimited territory known as Louisiana, the general term for the Mississippi valley. These districts belonged to Spain, which had obtained them by occupation and the general settlement of 1762. Just as the United States settlements were prepared to flow over on this Spanish territory, a fortunate situation evolved itself. In 1801, Napoleon, desiring to re-estab-

lish French colonial reputation, secured Louisiana from the Spanish, entering into an engagement not to dispose of the province, but to return it to Spain if his plans miscarried. Talleyrand gave the most positive declaration that it should never again be alienated from France. Great Britain did not like this new proprietorship, as she did not desire an extension of Napoleonic power on the continent of America, since it would be likely to disturb her French subjects in Canada. Knowing this, the United States saw an opportunity worth considering. This position was further complicated by trouble between the United States and Napoleon in San Domingo, and by misunderstandings with Spain over the navigation of the Mississippi. At first, the United States was prepared to accept West Florida in liquidation of such claims as she had at that time. Eventually the United States' desire for West Florida grew to a desire for the whole Mississippi valley, including New Orleans. In March, 1803, Monroe was sent to Paris to make increased demands of France. He was backed up by the British, who preferred an extension of Anglo-Saxon influence to an increase of French influence. Napoleon's necessities, however, settled the question. He needed more money; and his experience in San Domingo led him to doubt the wisdom of trying a huge settlement in Louisiana. He was abandoning his ideas of colonial greatness, and besides, another war with Great Britain was imminent. On the 2nd of May he signed a treaty selling Louisiana to the United States (over one million square miles), for \$11,250,000, and a liquidation of United States claims for damages in other quarters of \$3,750,000 or a total of fifteen million dollars. This was the Louisiana purchase which is now to be celebrated by a Universal Exposition at St. Louis, then a small trading post. On the 20th of December, 1803, the province of Louisiana was officially surrendered to Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi, and General Wilkinson, of the United States army. The trans-

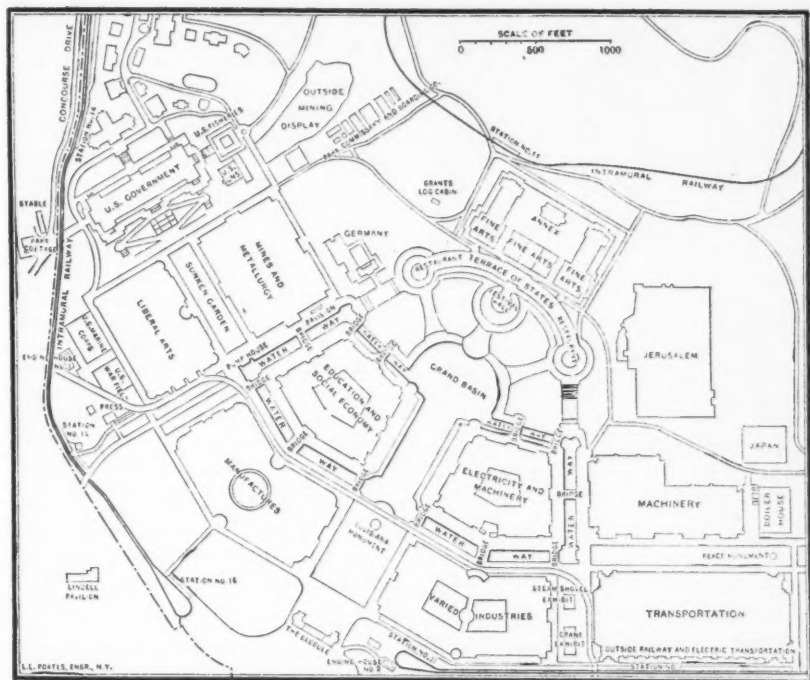
fer of Upper Louisiana took place at St. Louis on the 8th and 10th of March, 1804.

Then the United States proceeded to secure Florida and dispossess Spain of all her territory east of the Mississippi. All sorts of expedients were resorted to which would cause trouble and create "claims" against the government of Spain. Finally, in 1821, a treaty ceded to the United States all of the Floridas and all territory belonging to Spain west of the Mississippi, with the exception of what is now Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. This settlement cost the United States about six and a half million dollars.

Of course, the next step was to continue the quarrel and to put peculiar interpretations on these various treaties. The United States citizens in Texas gave the Mexican governor all the trouble they could. In 1833 they asked the Mexican Government to allow them to organize a separate State. The refusal was followed by a revolution and the organization of a republic under General Sam Houston, in December, 1835. A little later the United States recognized the new republic. Finally, in 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, the sum of \$10,000,000 being applied to the liquidation of the debts of the republic.

But even this did not satisfy the land-hunger of this branch of our race. Mexico's protests led to a glorious war, with the result that in 1848 New Mexico and California were added to the United States in return for \$15,000,000. The despoliation of Mexico continued, and soon afterwards the existing boundary between the two countries was defined.

From Great Britain also, the United States has secured several concessions. The Jay treaty of 1793 between Great Britain and the United States decided that commissions should be appointed to survey the upper Mississippi River and to determine the boundary between the United States and Canada along the St. Croix River. Further provisions for boundary commissions were



MAP OF CENTRAL PORTION WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, ST. LOUIS

Festival Hall, built on a terraced hill, overlooks the large exhibition buildings, grouped around the Grand Basin at the foot of the hill.

inserted in the Treaty of Ghent which closed the war of 1812-13-14. By the Treaty of London of 1818 the United States gained some ancient British territory in the north by a provision which declared that the boundary should be along the 49th parallel of north latitude from the northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains.

Another article in this important treaty provided that the country west of the Rockies claimed by either party should be free and open to the people of both nations for ten years. This was a great gain for the United States, especially since earlier in the year a United States military force had taken possession of Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia River and renamed it Fort Astoria. The United States

chances were therefore materially improved by this subsequent treaty, because it acknowledged the propriety of this theft and gave them time for further aggression. The ten-year period was still further extended in 1827 with some small gains, and finally by the Treaty of Washington of 1846, the present boundary line was agreed upon and the United States flag has since continued to fly over most of the disputed territory. To this interesting tale may be attached the story of how Daniel Webster, by concealing the Franklin map of the boundary agreed upon in 1783 between New Brunswick and Maine—to use the modern names, secured 7,000 square miles of territory by the Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

The acquisition of Alaska was an-



DR. JAMESON

The New Premier of Cape Colony

other diplomatic triumph for the United States. They had once claimed the coastline as far north as Bering Strait, but in 1825 Russia and Great Britain settled upon a certain district as being Russian territory. In 1867 these Russian territorial rights were purchased by the United States for \$7,200,000, and in 1903 these rights were further confirmed by the Alaskan Boundary Commission appointed by Great Britain and the United States.

The territorial expansion of the United States, due to the war with Spain, is also recent history. The Philippine Islands have an area of 115,300 square miles and a population of eight millions. Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, contain nearly 7,000 square miles and a population of 150,000. Porto Rico is about half that area, but has a population of a million, being the most densely populated portion of the United States territory. Guam and Samoa are also recent acquisitions.

To make the same progress in the twentieth century as she has made in the nineteenth, the United States would require to conquer a large portion of the continent of America. She has made a start in Panama, and no doubt

other portions of Central America will be selected in due course. One attempt to conquer Canada was made in the nineteenth century, and some people claim that a second will be made during the twentieth. To read the history of the Great Republic during the past hundred years and then to imagine that from henceforth the people of that country will refrain from annexing new territory is to write one's self down an idle dreamer.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

CANADA is vitally interested in the reorganization of South Africa, because to the other British Colonies she must look for future trade development. The progress made since the Boer war has not been satisfactory to the onlooker, although it may be to Lord Milner and his associates. No doubt, there are great difficulties. New problems and unexpected conditions have a habit of arising to confront us when we least expect them.

Dr. Jameson, the ex-convict and new Premier, has introduced his first measure after the elections. It is a Redistribution Bill, which is expected to ensure a fairer measure of representation to the British element. He proposes to create three new seats in the Legislative Council and twelve for the Assembly, and to distribute these among the principal towns. The wings of the Bond are to be clipped.

There is something romantic in the career of this young Scotchman who landed in Cape Colony, twenty-six years ago, to try his fortune at a distant outpost of the Empire. In Kimberley he shared rooms with a young man named Cecil Rhodes. Every person knows how this friendship led to the Jameson Raid in May, 1896, and resulted in putting Dr. Jameson in convict dress. Concerning this Raid Dr. Jameson has spoken candidly and wittily. "Revolution," he once said, "to be justified must be successful—ours was not. I made a mess of it and got fifteen months—that is all. No, I may add one thing, I deserved fifteen years—for failing."

John A. Cooper

About New Books.



DAINTY LITERATURE

CANADA is a land whose sentiment is somewhat rugged and unrefined—to speak generally, and not unkindly. There is little of the picturesque in Canadian life. Nature presents a strong, rugged appearance to the people of this country, and consequently its people are farmers, herdsmen, miners and hunters. No one would call the Canadians a dainty, art-loving, pleasure-seeking race. We are men of muscle, of action, of daring, of military ambition. Gentleness is of little use in a country where food is gained so hardly, where trees cumber the productive soil, where long, stern winters make our summers necessarily more active, where stern, rocky mountains and hills cross and recross the fertile belts, where Nature yields her products and her secrets so unwillingly. Besides, our civilization is new. Canada is a babe among the nations. Instead of a thousand years of history, she has only a couple of centuries—three, at the outside. Mediævilism even has barely left its mark upon the country—there are few ruins, few relics of an ancient age around which mellow sentiment might gather.

So our literature is solemn. Our spoken speech is harsh in its vowel sounds. Our language is bold and direct. Our common expressions lack in daintiness and that circumlocution which is picturesque. The short stories and novels which reflect Canadian life are as harsh, as abrupt and as rough-hewn as our speech and our sentiments. The average Canadian writer does not play with thoughts, expressions and words. He is forcible, but seldom picturesque.

Perhaps, as we grow older, we shall acquire the habit. We may learn how

to describe the beauties of nature, the varying moods of human beings, the complex phenomena of human sentiment in coloured words and phrases. We may lose our directness. We may lose our simple classifications of human motives, thoughts and action, and evolve a psychological attitude similar to that of nations whose civilization and mental vision go back to the time of the Parthenon and other ancient glories of Greece. But at present we are unblushingly crude.

This unavoidable state of affairs is brought home to us when we read the literature of European nations—especially of the Romance countries. Zola, Dumas, Maupassant, Ouida, perhaps Sienkiewicz and Tolstoi—to use familiar names—have no counterparts or even distant followers in Canada, and very few even in the United States.

These thoughts are suggested in a way by a reading of "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland,* an Italian story written by an Englishman who has followed in the footsteps of George Eliot, Robert Browning and Marion Crawford, and sought balmy climes for sunny pictures. He finds a magnificent castle with

"its endless chain of big, empty, silent, splendid state apartments, with their pavements of gleaming marble, in many-coloured patterns, their painted and gilded ceilings, tapestried walls, carved wood and moulded stucco, their pictures, pictures, pictures, and their atmosphere of stately desolation, their memories of another age, their reminders of the pomp and power of people who had long been ghosts."

In and around this wild Italian valley "with olive-clad hills blue-gray at either side," he weaves a delicate ro-

*Toronto: William Briggs.

mance. The blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon young man seeking rest and pleasure meets a fair Austrian maiden; he a farmer's son, she a miller's daughter—so each thinks. Were it true, there would be a Canadian romance; but it isn't true, and thus we have an old-world romance, for he is heir to a dukedom and she a princess. This is all the plot; but the plot is nothing in comparison with the dainty manner in which it is handled, the beautiful music which permeates this antique opera. The refinement is so great that the lovers speak of each other, reveal their sentiments only through the use of the third person when mentioning the other. The dialogue only indicates what each means, never expresses it directly; the motives of each are never more than half revealed. There is over it all a dalliance, an absence of haste, a delicate refinement of expression and sentiment which marks these characters as being the opposite of the people of the Western hemisphere, as unlike us as we are unlike the Japs or the Chinese.

If the reader desires to test the truth of the foregoing, he may take up Ernest W. Hornung's new novel "*Denis Dent*,"* and compare the two. The binding of the latter is just as good, the paper is finer and the frontispiece is just as dainty. Perhaps the letterpress is a trifle coarser, but certainly the atmosphere of the story is that of a different civilization. Sailors and miners, and the crude life of Australia—and a sentence like the following for a keynote to the story:

"He stood on the quay, but a ragged young boor—unlettered child of felons—unshriven son of the soil—yet worth twice his weight in gold in all senses of the homely phrase. And the troubled face, with the tears rolling grotesquely over the tan, was the last that Denis looked on in a land as rich as in the precious metal itself."

This bold sentence with its crudeness of expression and of sentiment is indicative of the whole book. If another example were needed one might

quote: "They had also cash in hand to the tune of £2;" "Nor had Denis long to wait for Mr. Doherty's earlier manner, which got up like a breeze in the free expression of his opinion that ten pounds was not enough;" or this literary gem, "Night falls like an assassin in that country, but the purple tints were only beginning when in his *very ear* she implored him not to leave her any more, and he held her closer, *but said he must*."

Again, the contrast between the simplicity of a book like "*My Friend Prospero*" and some others, might be exemplified by some quotations from "*Sir Mortimer*,"* the latest novel from the pen of that famous citizen of the United States, Mary Johnston, author of "*To Have and to Hold*." On page 2 one meets with this charming sentence:

"He paused, being upon his feet, a man of about thirty years, richly dressed, and out of reason good to look at."

One is led to wonder what relation there is between his pausing and his being on his feet. Surely Sir Mortimer could have paused sitting down, or even had he been less richly dressed, even younger in years, or less good to look at. Or one may select the following to exemplify an unnatural straining after effect:

"In England, since the stealing forth of one lonely ship, heard of no more, three spring-times had kissed finger-tips to winter and burgeoned into summer, and three summers had held court in pride, then shrivelled into autumn."

Yet one would fain acknowledge that even this over-decorated piece of word architecture is more to be desired than the weary round of monotonous phrasing. There is a happy medium—yet so few have accurately gauged it. Mary Johnston comes nearer to successful phrasing than most novelists of the day, and no one may read "*Sir Mortimer*" without being convinced that here is an extraordinary novel. She enters into the

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Toronto: The Book Supply Co.

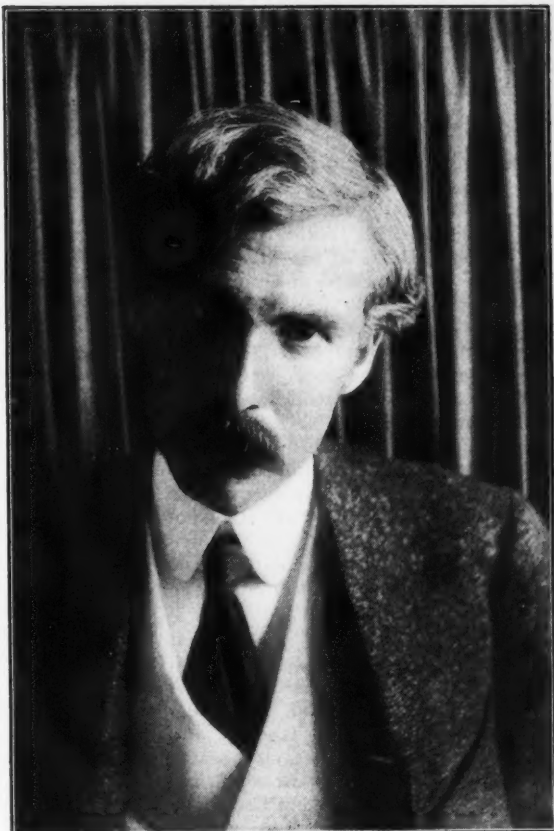
spirit of the Elizabethan heroes and pictures their actions with a vividness which is almost startling. In fact "Sir Mortimer," even more than "My Friend Prospero," is a book to be read and re-read. More actors throng the stage, and wider ranges are followed, and yet almost equal success in literary style and artistic handling of the theme are attained.

3

A NEW NOVELIST

Norman Duncan, whose stories of Newfoundland have found their way into *Harp-er's*, *McClure's*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other publications, is a Canadian who claims the city of Brantford as his birth-place. Eight years of his life were spent in the town of Mitchell in Western Ontario, and from there he entered the University of Toronto. He left that institution without a degree, because he found the science course which he had chosen was distasteful. From there he went to Auburn, N.Y., and engaged in journalistic work. Two years later he joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and to the atmosphere of that office attributes his later success in fiction. His first stories dealt with life in the Syrian Quarters of New York, and have since been published in book form with the title "The Soul of the Street." Reaction caused him to long for a change of subject, and he chose to study the sea and those who fight with it.

His subsequent work is the result of



NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "The Way of the Sea," etc.

three summers in Newfoundland and one in Labrador. His second book is a collection of Newfoundland stories. His third, to be issued next fall, is to be his first long story, and it will bear the title, "The Champion." Canadians who have not yet tasted his work, should seek it out. There is no Canadian writing fiction to-day who gives greater promise than Norman Duncan. He recently visited Toronto at the invitation of the Canadian Club, and made a decided impression. Of medium stature, Mr. Duncan is not one to impress one on sight, but the face and the voice soon indicate the gentle,

earnest spirit which animates the man and which stamps him as one of earth's noblemen.

NOTES

VERNON NOTT, the new Canadian poet mentioned recently, was born in Montreal in 1878, his father being English and his mother Canadian. He has spent most of his life in England and was educated at Uppingham School. He served in the Imperial Army for a year, but his health breaking down, he was compelled to resign his commission. Returning to Canada, he studied law at McGill for a year after which he decided to follow what had been his lode-star in life—literature, and he intends to devote himself entirely to writing verse. He has written three other books since "The Ballad of the Soul's Desire," one of which will be published in England early in the coming year. He has been spending the winter in Montreal.

Messrs. Constable will publish next month a special study of the naval and military history of the conquest of Canada, by William Wood, of Quebec, a past-president of the Literary and Scientific Society of that city, and a contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The book will be entitled "The Fight for Canada," and is based entirely on original documents, many hundreds of which he has studied, and very few of which have yet been made use of. The book will undoubtedly be a valuable contribution to Canadian history.

The April number of the *Queen's Quarterly* is worthy of special mention and deserving of wide circulation. It indicates what Canada might produce regularly if Canadians did not prefer United States publications to those produced at home. Professor Carmichael deals with "Photography in Natural Colours" in an able manner; A. W. Playfair, a young man who abandoned pedagogical work for business, writes interestingly of "Paper Making;" Sir Sandford Fleming contributes his address entitled "Build up Canada," delivered before the Canadian

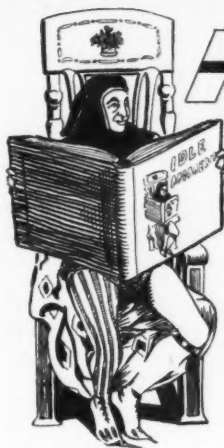
Club of Toronto, and this is distinguished by an instructive map showing our unexplored regions; Professor Marshall dissects "Matthew Arnold's Philosophy of Religion;" and there are other important articles and general features. The *Queen's Quarterly* should have a wide circulation even among those who have never known the delights of living "On the Old Ontario Strand."

The thinking Canadian who does not desire to see this country a nation of wealthy landlords, of railway millionaires, or of privileged corporations, should read the fact-studded pamphlet, "Canada, a Modern Nation," by W. D. Lighthall, the well-known Montreal barrister. Mr. Lighthall figures out that Canada may easily accommodate 900,000,000 people, and that care must be taken to adopt general lines of policy which will ensure equality and continuity of opportunity to all future citizens. Mr. Lighthall also emphasizes the possibilities of public and municipal ownership and argues intelligently in its favour. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman, 25 cts.)

"The Studio," English edition, continues to be a most informing art journal. The recent numbers have been exceptionally bright, and the coloured reproductions are a continuous wonder to the observer who is not yet *blasé* with modern advances in the printer's art.

"Picture Titles for Painters and Photographers" is the title of a unique and suggestive volume by A. L. Baldry, published by "The Studio" of London, England. The quotations are chosen from the literature of Great Britain and America, but confines himself to about a score of the best known authors.

The "Annual Archæological Report" of David Boyle, of the Education Department of Ontario (1903) is a splendid contribution to our historical records. Special attention is paid to effigy stone pipes, stone axes, stone gouges, early copper utensils and Indian village sites. Mr. Boyle reports that the Ontario Museum now contains about 27,000 specimens.



IDLE MOMENTS

STORY OF A CORK LEG

WHILE waiting for the judge in Chambers the other morning some lawyers got into a conversation on the old Peter Hamilton mortgage, and other mortgages. They finally drifted to chattel mortgages, and one of the barristers, a member of a prominent legal firm in the city, told of a strange one. An old soldier, who had lost his leg in war and had a "peg" on the stump, confided to him one day that he was in love with a widow who had a little money. He wanted to get a cork leg, to put on style, but he had not the price. What he needed was \$75. The lawyer said he would lend it to him if he would give a chattel mortgage on the leg. This was agreed to, and, more in fun than in earnest, the mortgage was drawn up, but not registered. Anyway, the soldier got the leg and won the widow. When the couple were married the lawyer's gift to the bride was the mortgage on the groom's leg.—*Hamilton Times*.

A NEW FLOWER (AN ADAPTED JOKE)

A Toronto gentleman stopped at a King St. florist's a few days ago and, after placing his order, said:

"Have you anything new in flowers?"

"Yes, here is something which I thought would prove popular, but it doesn't seem to go very well." Then he brought out a gaudy hybrid.

"What is the name of it?" asked the customer.

"I call it 'the Prohibition Candidates' Pledge.'"

"For what reason?"

"Simply because it fades so quickly."

THE NEW VERSION

A soldier of the Russians
Lay japanned at Tschrizvkjskivitch,
There was lack of woman's nursing
And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments
And smooth the final way;
But a comrade stood beside him
To hear what he might say.
The japanned Russian faltered
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Smnlxzrskgqrxski,
Fair Smnlxzrskgqrxski on the Irkztrvzkml-
nov."

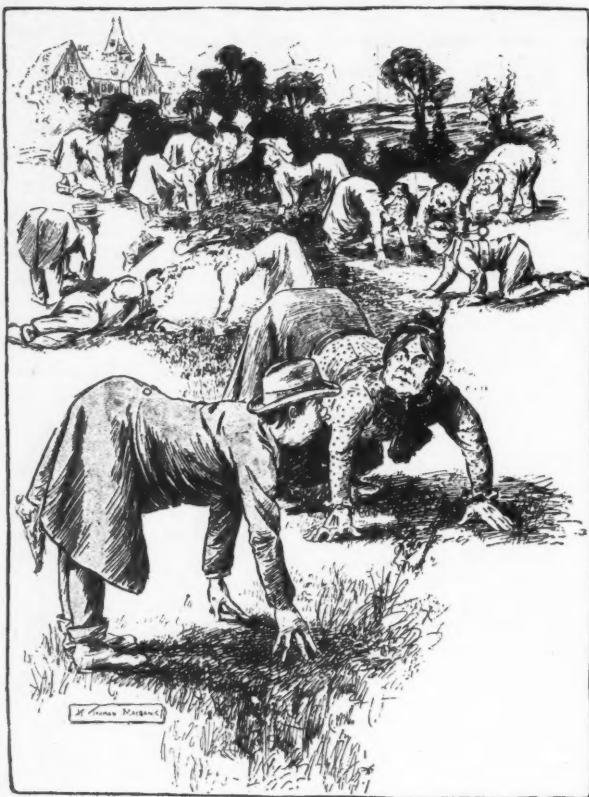
—W. J. L. in *New York Sun*.

THE SUPREME NERVE

It is said that when Mr. Gladstone read a book by Mr. Carnegie he remarked that he admired the courage of a man who, without knowing how to write, wrote on a subject of which he knew nothing.—*Schoolmaster*.

FROM FAR TIBET

A correspondent with the Tibet mission tells a mule story: "Mules, apparently, do not die from any cause, and this mission has again proved the extreme hardihood of these animals. When the mission first crossed the



THE HEALTH CRAZE

The modern methods of attaining health, rebuilding shattered constitutions, curing dyspeptic ills and reducing weight, which have now become such a craze with society in general, would certainly have started our fathers. Quite the latest hails from Berlin, where a distinctly original treatment is to be experimented. The idea is that the upright position adopted by men and women is entirely opposed to hygiene—they should walk on all fours. The illustration depicts the artist's conception of patients under this system indulging in a little exercise.

—The London Bystander

Jelap-la, a mule slipped in the dusk and fell into the lake at the bottom of the pass. It was thought to be drowned. Next morning a convoy found it with its nose just above the ice, the rest of its body literally frozen in. Pickaxes were brought, and the animal was dug out. It is now working as

- (1.) Women who want to be kissed.
- (2.) Women who do not want to be kissed.
- (3.) Women who look as though they would like to be kissed, but won't let men kiss them.

The first men kiss, the second they do not kiss, the third they marry.—*Life*.

usual."—*St. James Gazette*.

COULD DO IT WITHOUT A GUIDE

The American revivalists who were in Liverpool some months ago have also visited Glasgow. To a vast congregation the preaching evangelist cried: "Now, all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm, the audience sprang to their feet—all but an old Scotchman in the front row, who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands, and, addressing him, said: "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?" Clear and deliberate came the answer: "Awe, Awm gangin', but no wi' a pairsonally conducted pairty!"—*Selected*.

WOMEN CLASSIFIED

There are three classes of women:

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



CURIOUS PIPES

THE collection of curio pipes shown in the accompanying photograph is the property of Dr. Burrows of Lindsay, Ont., and is certainly unique in representing so many different countries.

So long as there are people, there will be collectors—old furniture, antique silverware, postage stamps, rare paintings, rare gems and any other kind of curiosity. Nearly every smoker collects pipes, but it is not often one goes into it on the same scale as Dr. Burrows. Those in his collection are notable from many standpoints as may be gathered from the following list:

- No. 1. Armenian.
- No. 2. Aboriginal Indian.
- No. 3. From Honolulu.
- No. 4. From Vienna.
- No. 5. From Derry.
- No. 6. British Admiral's at Cawnpore, India.
- No. 7. Pipe smoked by A. Molley Maguire while being hanged.
- No. 8. From store beneath Gottenburg Monument.
- No. 9. Italian.
- No. 10. From Nile, Egypt.
- No. 11. From Paardeberg, with Oom Paul's face.
- No. 12. Syrian carved Turk's head.
- No. 13. Native Indian Clay.
- No. 14. Common Clay from Waterloo Place, London; has been around the world.
- No. 15. Japanese Lady's Opium pipe.
- No. 16. Taken from between teeth of dead Boer on Spion Kop after engagement with British.
- No. 17. From St. Pierre, Marquette, after fire, covered with fused lava.

No. 18. From Berne, Switzerland, with bear totem.

No. 19. From Stuttgart.

No. 20. Indian Chief's pipe from Omic Harbour.

No. 21. Native South American Indian. Smoked without stem, through piece of cloth.

No. 22. Pipe from block of wood, representing Eagle, carved by American soldier in Philippines.

No. 23. Boer pipe of native wood.

No. 24. Long German.

No. 25. Bowl of South American Pipe.

No. 26. Mephistopheles head carved from bog oak.

No. 27. Old Normal bowl.

No. 28. Red stone Indian pipe.

No. 29. Miniature German pipe, carved with pen knife by prisoner in Bastille; in bowl are three perfect dice.

No. 30. Esquimo pipe from beyond Hoy River, within Arctic Circle.

No. 31. Pipe smoked by French Gentleman who died in Grey Nun Hospital, Montreal, aged 106.

Left of No. 4 is small pipe smoked by a boy Gordon, 4 years of age.

Above No. 1 is pipe smoked by young lady at Vassar school.

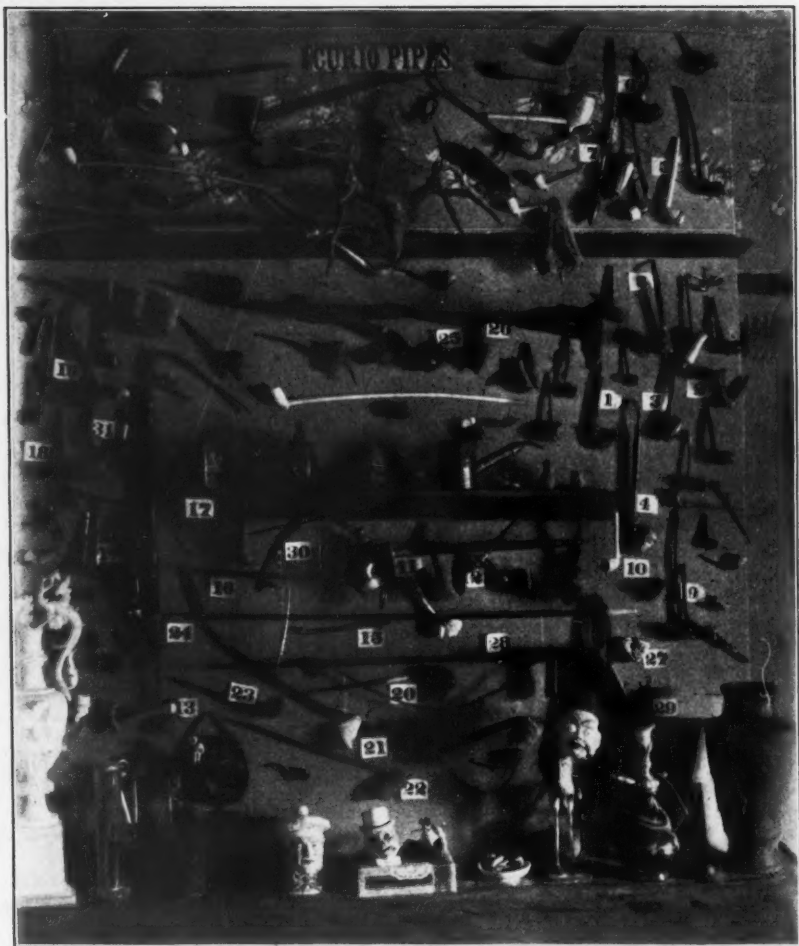
Below No. 2 pipe smoked by Volney Ashford, Major-General to her Majesty Queen Lilioukalanani's forces in Hawaii.

Upper right hand corner pipe smoked by notorious Jesse James from De Sotto.

Above 20 Indian pipe fashioned from root, from Judge Chadwick of Guelph.

In centre above, another Indian root fashioned like Moose's head.

Right of it is pipe smoked on vessel



A COLLECTION OF CURIOUS PIPES.

Most of the pipes are described in the accompanying text. They are the property of Dr. Burrows, of Lindsay, Ont.

by Duke of Norfolk crossing to Canada.

Left of it tobacco pouch fashioned from albatross foot used by gulf sailors.

In the cigar box is Tac-a-hic tobacco smoked by Esquimo of far north when tobacco is not procurable; it is made from the bark of willow.

There are also Porto Rico dope cigars, cigars used by Chicago and New York

toughs to render unsuspecting victims unconscious, a part plug of tobacco in which diamonds were attempted to be smuggled, Spanish Tuscans, and the latest acquisition a covile pipe from Calcutta. Nearly every pipe has a history. Dr. Burrows will be glad to procure for his collection any pipes with special history or a peculiarity of any kind.



CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



CANADIAN TOBACCO ABROAD

ONE of the Canadian agents in Australia writes that Canadian cut tobaccos have made their appearance in Melbourne. He points out that nearly all cut tobacco in Australia is imported in hermetically sealed tins, and that Canadian tobaccos will require to be put up in this way. The Canadian tobacco men would do better to look after their own trade at home instead of attempting to capture foreign markets. English tobaccos in sealed tins are growing more popular in Canada, and the Canadian manufacturer will be forced to do better in flavouring and tinning if he expects to hold even his own market. It is inconceivable that he should compete successfully with the English exporter in Australia, when he cannot compete with him at home with an advantage in duty and in freight.

Again the British tobacco curer is a good advertiser. No other class of English exporter has his enterprise unless possibly the soap and the pill manufacturers. Canadian tobacco curers have not yet learned the value of printers' ink.

AN IMPERIAL COUNCIL

THE Hon. Alfred Deakin, the new Premier of Australia, who was a delegate from the Victorian Government to the first Imperial Conference in 1887, has reaffirmed his preference for an Imperial Council. This is a period of Conferences, but the Empire will require something more permanent, more definite. An Imperial Council, a consultative rather than a legislative body,

would be the natural outcome of Imperial progress. It would give the various parts of the Empire opportunity to state their positions and desires to each other. Its atmosphere would be that of calm discussion, unbiassed as its delegates would be by party affiliations or considerations. Every scheme for common defence, for the development of shipping, or for mutual aid, could there be elaborated with knowledge and forethought. This method of deciding Imperial questions and settling Imperial policy might not be perfect nor final, but it would be a step in advance. Mr. Deakin is not in favour of allowing sentiment to be the only bond which binds the Empire together, for, he thinks, there must also be a business basis on which the Empire's business shall be carried on.

It will thus be seen, as has been pointed out by Sir Charles Tupper and others, the idea of an Imperial Parliament is not regarded with favour by the practical statesmen of the day in the Colonies. They nearly all agree that the time for such a new representative organization is still far distant.

BONELESS HERRING.

THE abundance of herring in the Bay of Fundy this winter has led to the establishment of a new industry at Eastport, the putting up of boneless herring. The fish are being supplied by Captain James C. Calder, of Campbell, N.B., and the factory plant is operated by the big syndicate known as the Sea Coast Canning Company.

For a number of years a concern in New York has been putting on the market a boneless herring put up by a patent process, from smoked fish shipped from Campobello in bulk. The Eastport firm has only recently started in the business, but it already uses up 5,500 pounds of herring daily. The head, tail, skin, bones and part of the belly are removed before the fish are placed in the cans. As the plant required for this business is not expensive and the process is not at all complicated, some of the Canadian canneries might put herring up in this form to advantage. It is certain that by the adoption of new methods of marketing fish, the use of this commodity might be made much larger than it is at present. The success which has attended efforts in this direction seems to indicate that the old forms of fish to which people have been accustomed from time immemorial may give way to the more finished product.—*Maritime Merchant*.

BOUNTIES VS. TARIFFS

THE Hamilton *Times* admires the Government's bounty system because "the Government handles the bounty and people know exactly what they pay the iron men as a gift," whereas under a protective system the "iron men may themselves levy the tax, make it many times greater and keep the public from knowing how much they take." The *Times* has the correct idea of the bounty, but it entirely ignores the fact that under the protective system through home competition it is possible for the consumer to obtain his supply just as cheaply if not even more cheaply than he would if the producer had no protection. Protection does not add to the cost of iron in the United States.—*Montreal Gazette*.

THE ALSEK REGION

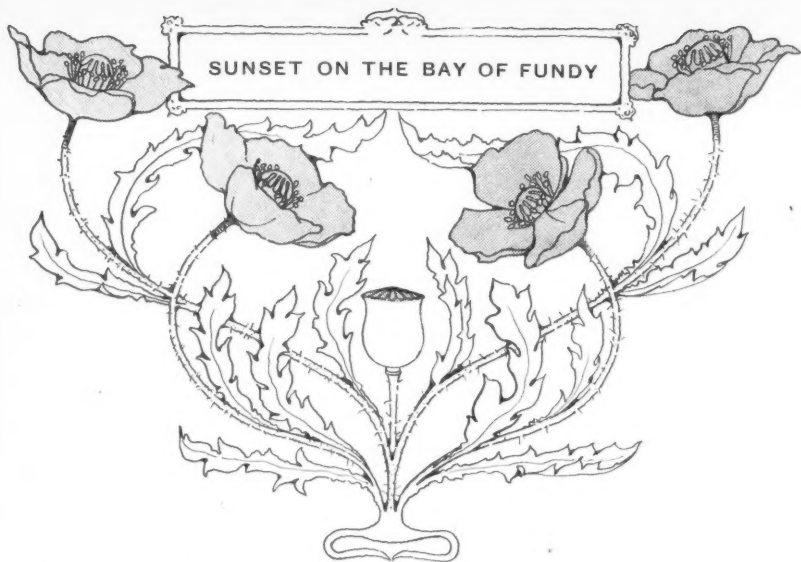
If the testimony of the men who have examined the Alsek region, and who are preparing to take advantage of the opportunities which they claim it offers, is to be given the credit it would seem to deserve, we have in

that district a new Klondike from which much benefit will be reaped during the next four years. It is accordingly gratifying that the whole gold-bearing area, which is computed at about a hundred square miles, is entirely within Canadian territory, and that the commercial results which will flow from its development will be realized by our own people. If the hopes for the richness of the district are fulfilled Vancouver will more perhaps than any Canadian centre be the gainer, as this city ought to be its direct base of supply. The Governor of the Yukon Territory is showing commendable activity in acquiring information regarding the auriferous character of the region, and forwarding this intelligence to the Dominion authorities, who, as soon as they regard themselves as justified in so doing, will appropriate a sufficient sum of money to construct roads and trails through the country.—*Vancouver Province*.

THE COPPER TRUST

When trust promoters fall out the public occasionally gets a little inside information. This is what happened in the ship-building case, and now we are promised the true history of Amalgamated copper. A few facts of interest have already come out during the course of the Boston gas hearing in which the copper promoters were also interested. Mr. Lawson said on the stand that \$46,000,000 profit was involved in one transaction in which he was interested with the "Standard Oil crowd." This sum was raised to \$66,000,000 in a statement that Mr. Lawson gave out on Sunday, and we can well believe him without further explanation. Copper properties like Anaconda, Butte and Boston, and others were turned over to the trust at figures ranging from fifty to one hundred per cent. above their cost and value. Amalgamated was floated at par and is now quoted at 49. This, in brief, is the history of another combination in restraint of trade.—*Public Opinion, N. Y.*

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JUNE CANADIAN MAGAZINE